

Australian

PENTHOUSE

THE AUSTRALIAN MEN'S MAGAZINE

JULY 1992

BLACK LABEL

E D I T I O N



Mean Streets

Australia's crime hot-spots

Coffs Harbour's Angel Of Sex

Inside Amsterdam's drug
industry

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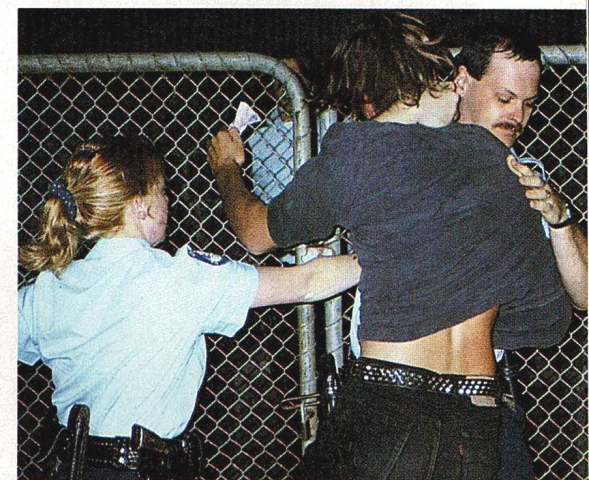
PENTHOUSE

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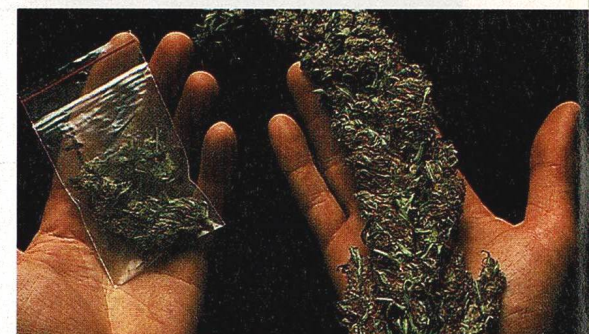


Cover by Michael Moore

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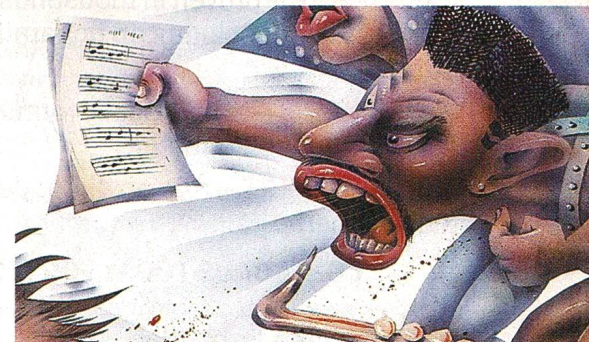
Mean Streets



Double Dutch



Angel Of Passion

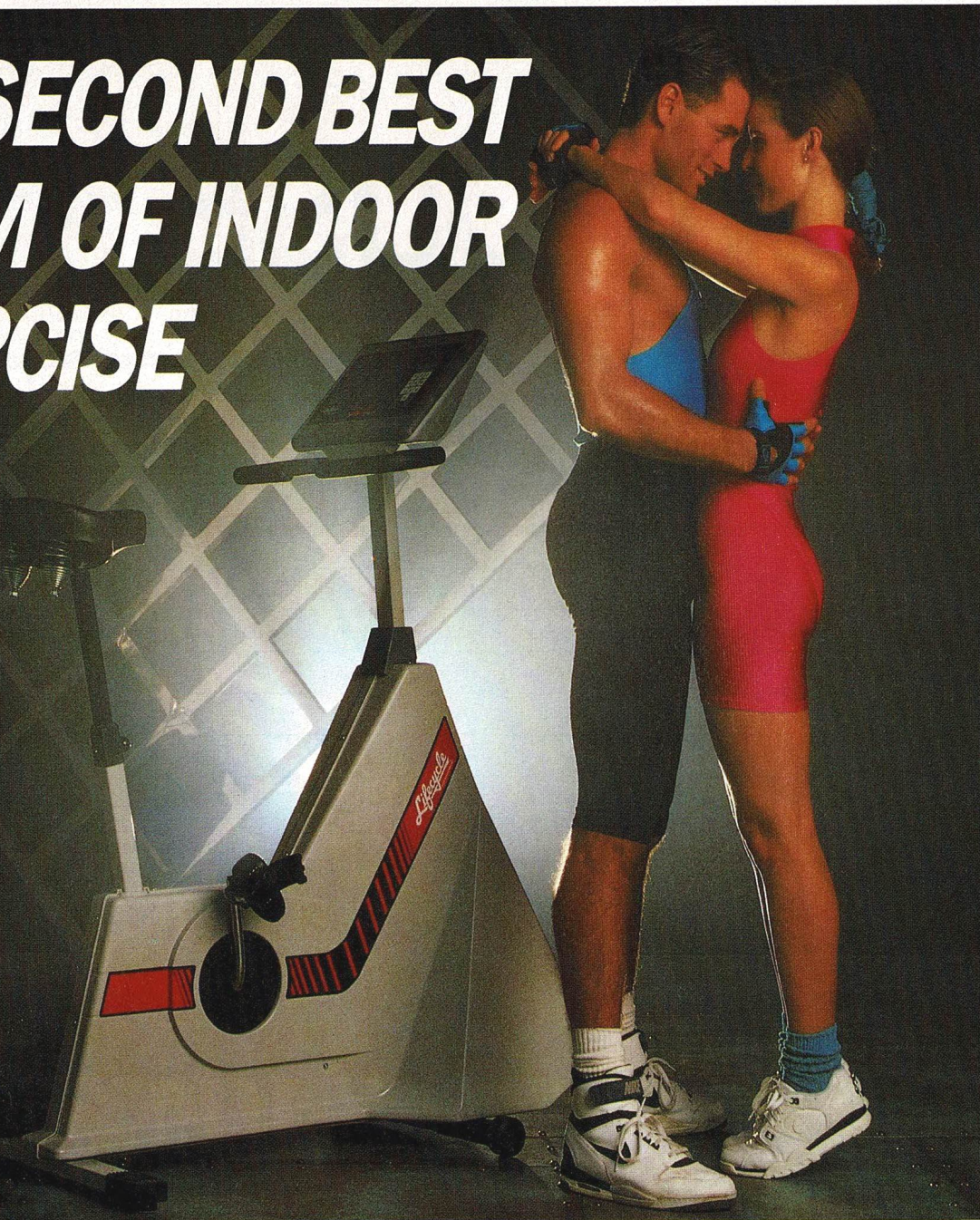


Send Lawyers, Guns And Money

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housecall

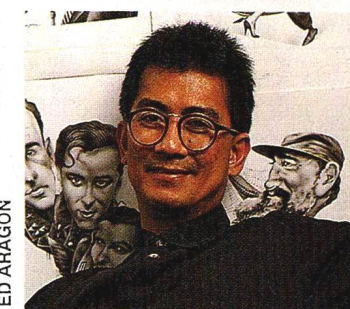
MEAN STREETS

This issue, we take Australia's four major cities and turn them over to discover their darkest underbellies. In Perth, journalist Tom Morgan tells of young car thieves causing death and havoc on the freeways; David Bentley explores Brisbane's Fortitude Valley; Steve Levitt provides the words and pictures of a rough train ride through Melbourne's suburbs, and Sydney journalist Joe Moss exposes Redfern's notorious Eveleigh Street through his words and photographs. Turn to page 34.



ANGEL OF PASSION

Prostitutes are scrawny, bitter junkies plying their trade in alleys and cheap hotel rooms, right? Not always. In the NSW coastal town of Coffs Harbour, a 35-year-old mother of four is providing her "social escort" services with class and good humor. A committed greenie and breeder of German shepherds, Angel is a prostitute in control of her life — a woman who commands community respect and loves her work. Find the story by Graham Bicknell on page 48. Photography by Stuart Spence.



ED ARAGON

SEND LAWYERS, GUNS AND MONEY

Guns'n'Roses' lead singer gets writs from the photographer he attacked and the next-door neighbor he koshed with a wine bottle. Things don't look good for LA's favorite bad boys. But when their long-awaited albums are released, they go straight to the top of the charts. The connection between lawyers, musicians and record sales is something music fans will have to get used to in the Nineties, argues Phil Tripp on page 52. Ed Aragon drew the pictures.

DOUBLE DUTCH

Turkish Black, Moroccan Blonde, Nepalese Temple Balls and Leb Red are just some of the goodies for sale in Amsterdam's coffee shops. But a strong strain of marijuana taking the market by storm is being grown in vast quantities in Holland itself. Called "Skunk", the Dutch dope is in danger of becoming a victim of its own popularity. Dutch journalist Barend Toet tells the story on page 65 with photos from Sjoerd de Vries and Floris Leeuwenberg.



MARK ABERNETHY

VULGARIAN NIGHTS

In this month's episode of our Nightlife series we cross the Tasman for a taste of Kiwi partying. We follow a Wellington rugby team — the Southern Cross Vulgarians RFC — through a booze-soaked night that ends in an extraordinary drinking game. It's a traditional pastime that has hordes of young New Zealand males getting drunk and vomiting in strange places. Be amazed or disgusted, but don't say we didn't warn you. Turn to page 80 for the story and photographs by Mark Abernethy.

feedback

Magic bullet theory

I would like to express my disappointment at the article "Kennedy Theory Fever" by Chuck Dean (April 92). Mr Dean's selective use and abuse of the facts and the offhand way in which he disregards any evidence that alters from the official line ensures that the article is nothing more than a whitewash. In the introduction he says: "America then got a good look at the assassin, 24-year-old Lee Harvey Oswald." Dean has already provided his conclusion — no need to read on. But Oswald never stood trial. His guilt was never proven. His assassination, in spectacularly suspicious circumstances, denied the due process of the law.

Dean's arguments are unconvincing. He carefully avoids mentioning areas that destroy his case, such as the fact that Oswald was observed in the 2nd-floor lunch room within seconds of the shooting. The shots were supposed to have come from the 6th floor. What did he do — teleport?

Most telling, Dean avoids the unavoidable "magic bullet." He describes the shots thus: "Connolly was shot first, in the wrist. Then the President slumped over; he was hit too. Another shot clipped him in the head." The "magic bullet" theory destroys all argument of a lone gunman. Connolly was shot first, in the back — then in the wrist. Kennedy was struck in the back and in the neck — then had his head blown off. A bystander was also nicked. So there was a minimum of four bullets, more likely five. Only three bullets were reputed to have been fired from the book depository.

No matter what the theorists say, the facts speak for themselves. Oswald was set up as a patsy. — PM, WA

Trouble and strife

Up until the March '92 issue I've really enjoyed your publication, as has my wife. I'm afraid the issue in question was a bit of a fizzer for both of us. How come your usually raunchy (though tastefully done) spreads of a guy making it with some gorgeous woman didn't feature any dick this issue? Surely you don't think that your readers can't cope with a bit of cock together with all those eager beavers?



Michelle — stunning

My wife was pretty pissed off, after enjoying your magazine for the last year or so. I don't need to tell you what this did to our little love nest! In the interest of helping the ladies who also read and enjoy Black Label, put some cock back in for their enjoyment (because if my wife's happy, so am I). — John Rogers, Tulla — marine, Vic.

Ripper

Michelle, your May Pet Of The Month, was a sight for sore eyes, I tell you. What a stunning woman. Any chance of seeing some more of her, like in a big poster? Then the other guys wouldn't rip up my mag for the pin-ups. — Ted, Townsville, Qld

Shooting for the stars

The recent publication of my two letters in Feedback has made me realise that *Penthouse* is not only a pretty magazine, but a serious one. Two years ago I wanted to find out how good *Australian Penthouse* really was. So I bought an American, British and French *Penthouse*. I was totally amazed. The Americans were the best in the Seventies but have made no effort to improve with the times. The photography in the British one is fairly poor, and the French one is so tame as to not even rate a mention.

In conclusion, *Australian Penthouse* is

miles ahead and definitely the best in the world.

However, this does not mean we must now become complacent. I would like to be able to write another letter in 12 months' time and name this magazine the best in the universe. Two improvements will be needed to get there. First, I would like to see every month's centrefold in the same size format and classy tame photography as your calendar posters.

The second one is the Forum column. I am afraid it is running along the same lines as the adult video industry — blue and boring. It's never been perfect, but it was actually better seven years ago than it is today.

If these improvements mean an increase in production costs, then I would be happy to pay an extra couple of dollars to have the best magazine in the universe.

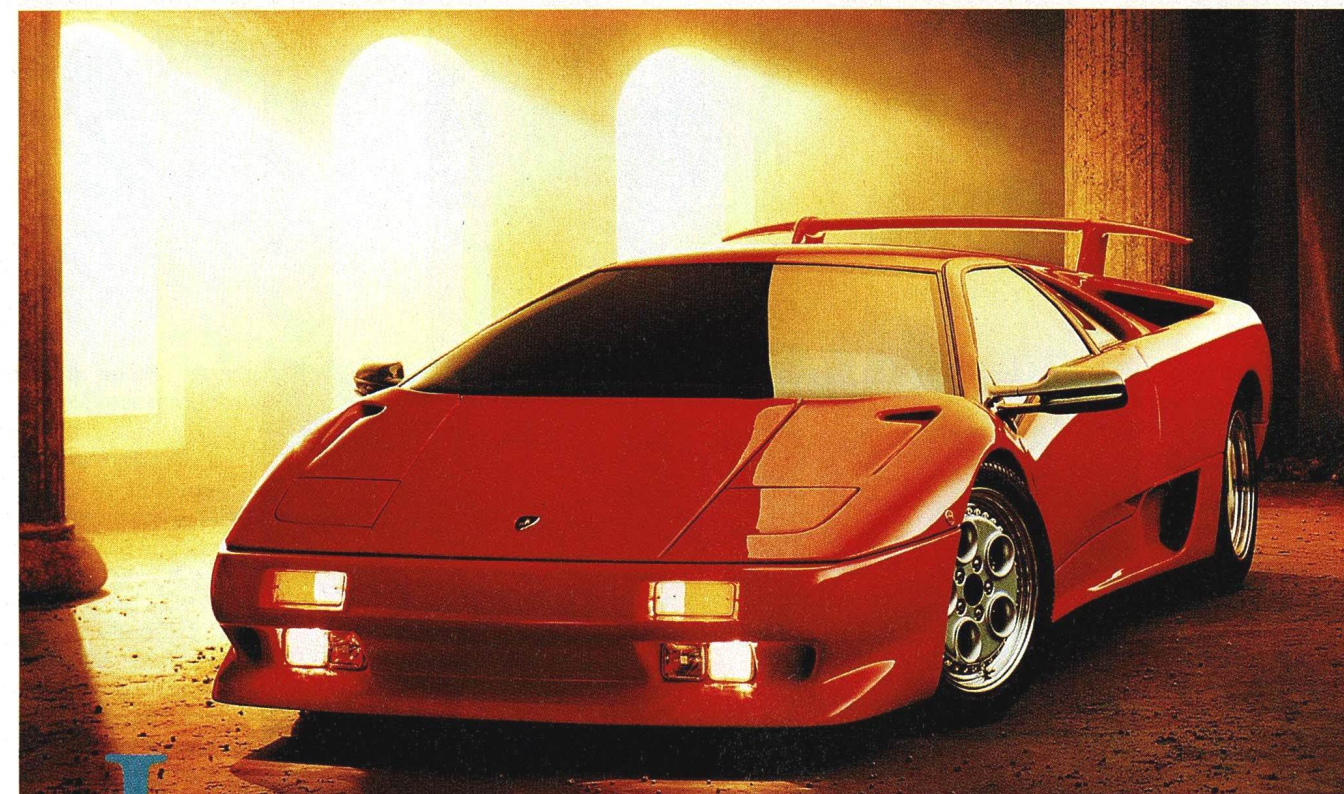
Congratulations on your excellent "Rocket Man" interview (April 1992). — Name and address withheld

Male bodies

As another female *Penthouse* reader, I would like to congratulate *Penthouse* staff for putting together such a high-quality magazine. The informative and well-written articles are different from one issue to the next, as are the amusing cartoons. The success of the photographers is obvious in the way that they portray the models, which is no less than first-class.

In response to the letter "Grrr" (Feb 1992) by a female "non-reader": if you don't like this magazine and its quality, go back to your *Cleos* and *Cosmos*. Their contents may suit you more, with their repetitious "how to lose ten kilos in ten days" and "why you fake orgasms" articles, umpteen advertisements, second-rate photographs and models who appear much more fake than those featured in *Penthouse*.

Many females read and enjoy *Penthouse* for the reasons I do, and the only suggestion we have is that it would be much better if male models were also featured. Male models can look gay, but with photographers like the ones you've got, I'm sure us females would get a glimpse of some true-blue masculine Aussie guys. Ed, — Name and address withheld



IN LIFE, IN ART AND IN
TECHNOLOGY IT TAKES
CRAFTSMANSHIP, TIME AND
A TOUCH OF
GENIUS TO
CREATE THE
VERY BEST.



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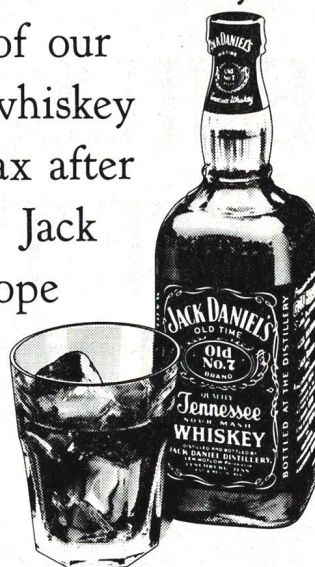
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JACK DANIEL'S TENNESSEE WHISKEY

APB 13655/A

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Puss in boots

I met Steve through work. He was tall, dark and extremely good-looking. We went out a couple of times and it was obvious we were going to fuck at some point, but the flirting was also fun.

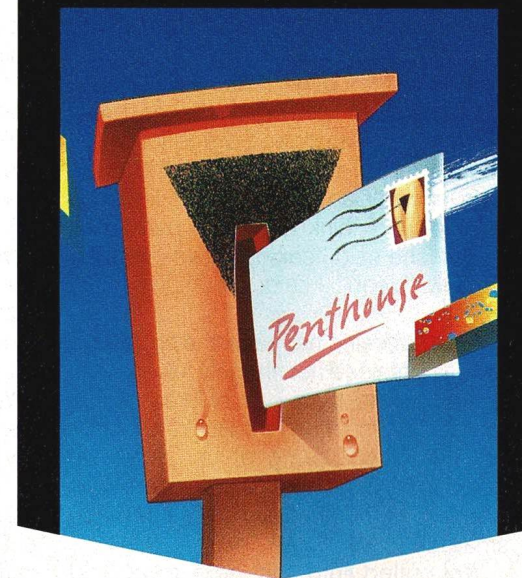
He shared a flat with another guy called Scott who happened to be a sport masseur working from home. Scott was also great-looking. I had met him a couple of times and we all seemed to get on well.

I had been working out in a gym for months and had recently suffered a pulled stomach muscle, so one night when I was visiting the boys, I mentioned this to Scott and he suggested a massage in order to restore my confidence at the gym.

A week later I arrived at the flat around seven. Only Steve was home and a little surprised to see me there for a massage. Scott had been held up somewhere, so I waited. I probably shouldn't have accepted Steve's offer of a glass of wine, and I especially shouldn't have accepted the joint he handed me when I walked in, but what the hell, I was there for a massage and I wanted to relax.

After a while Steve decided that he would start my massage and not wait any longer for Scott. We went into the studio and I noticed Steve had already turned on the heater and laid out some warm towels. Music played softly in the background and due to the dope and alcohol, I started to feel relaxed and warm inside.

Being the middle of winter, I was wearing long black boots, tights and a large loose jumper. I went to undress but Steve stopped me and suggested that I remove only my jumper, which I did as he stood behind me rubbing Jasmine oil into the palms of his hands. I piled up my hair loosely from around my neck and stood next to the massage table. I leaned forward slightly and rested my hands on the edge as Steve came in close behind me and started rubbing the warm, sweet-smelling oil into my shoulders and back. It felt so good, and I was completely intoxicated by the feeling of warmth in the room.



forum

I was also becoming really turned on as Steve stood behind me and gently pressed against my arse with his growing hard-on as he massaged my back.

There I stood, wearing only my high-heeled boots and tights with my legs slightly apart, leaning forward with my eyes closed, just getting off on the feeling and the music. I couldn't help but press back against him with my arse. He stopped massaging me and gently tugged at my tights, pulling them halfway down my thighs. He bent down and gently massaged my lower back and arse with the oil and then began tracing the line of my spine with his tongue until he reached the top of my arse.

He gently pushed me forward on to the massage table so that my tits were pressed hard against the surface of the bench and my arse was exposed to his tongue. I was going wild, it all felt so good, him tracing the line of my arse and slit with his tongue while all the time gently holding my arse cheeks apart. He stopped for a moment and reapplied some more oil before alternating between licking my clit and stroking my arsehole with his fingers. It seemed like he had more than two hands and one mouth. All of a sudden I realised that he did — Scott had arrived and had obviously been watching this scene for a while and decided to join Steve in relaxing me. Both of them licked,

fingering and massaged me while I lay face down on the table until I orgasmed, but still they kept rubbing my back and shoulders.

Steve had stopped and moved around the other side of the table. I pulled myself up on top of the table still wearing those long black boots and dying for some cock in my mouth. I bent down to suck his cock teasingly, which left my arse and cunt in Scott's face on the other side of the table. It was too much — my lips and fingers were wrapped around Steve's long, thick cock and Scott was behind me licking and fingering me to orgasm again.

Steve came and moaned softly as he moved away from the table. I got down and stood with my back to Scott, who

pushed me slightly forward and entered me from behind, holding on to my hips pulling me back against him. He could only pump one or two strokes before coming. This was a fantasy come true — two men lovingly taking care of my body.

After we had all calmed down a little and exchanged slightly embarrassed smiles, the massage continued uninterrupted with both of them rubbing my entire body with sweet, warm Jasmine oil from head to toe.

I don't see either of them any longer. It really was a one-off experience for us all. Steve has a girlfriend now and we're just mates. Scott has moved interstate. Boys, wherever you are, thanks for fixing the pulled muscle. — *Name and address withheld*

Head office

One day I am in my office in the city. I haven't seen Cheryl in a very long time, and just the sight of her sends the blood rushing to my cock. It's lunchtime, and my co-worker Al has his whole family there when Cheryl comes up and asks for me. Made-up, pretty and well-dressed she walks around the corner. We sit and talk in my office. Keeping my hands off her is killing me. We move a little closer in our chairs, and hug, then give each other a full-body hug. Her thigh shoves into mine, my cock goes for broke.

forum

Cheryl reaches over and shuts the door all the way. Her pussy feels great through her tights — hot and wet.

She sits down in front of me, unzips my pants, undoes my belt. We can hear Al's kids playing in the outer office and Al on the phone. Her hands slip into my underwear, around my cock — cool stroking hands that know every inch of me. I want to come. No, not yet. She takes me in her mouth. I want to cry out, but the kids would hear. Her fingers snake across my balls, loving them, then further back between my legs.

Cheryl's warm mouth pumps my cock. She gently squeezes my balls, her tongue lashing across the head of my cock, begging it to release. I come like I've never come before.

She stands up, smacks her lips, straightens her dress, shoves her milky tongue down my throat, then marches out past Al and the kids. Al looks at me, sensing something has happened, but it's not for him to know. — *Name and address withheld*

On the road

I have just got back from a great time in the US where I spent several weeks driving around visiting my American friends. While cruising interstate I met my

current girlfriend. Well, I did more than meet her.

I was barrelling down the famous Route 66 checking out the countryside when I rounded a corner and saw a fire-red Mustang by the side of the road. As I got closer to the Mustang, a blonde woman stepped out into the middle of the road and waved me down. Naturally, I pulled over. I stopped right in front of her and saw, framed by the window, a delightful pair of shapely thighs clothed in skin-tight, faded blue jeans. "Can you give me a lift to the next town? I think my water pump has gone," she said, leaning down on to the window. "Yeah," I said, "I can give you a lift."

After retrieving her bags she hopped in my car. I noticed her shapely thighs were complimented by a pair of breasts that looked as firm as Ayers Rock. My cock got hard just looking at her. After we introduced ourselves — her name was Chrissy — I put the top down and made small talk.

We pulled into the next town and Chrissy arranged for her car to be towed to a garage. She needed to get to Los Angeles in a hurry, and since I was headed that way, I offered her a lift. She accepted and, as we drove along, I stole a few glances. She was young, about 20, with a faultless complexion and those perfect American teeth. The more I looked at her, the more beautiful she became.

We pulled into a truck stop and picked up some Buds and burgers. As we drove into the afternoon sun, Chrissy became friendlier and more outgoing, eventually telling me she had just left her boyfriend because he wouldn't fuck her enough. I looked across at her — her long, blonde hair was blowing in the cool wind, her firm breasts were outlined under her thin T-shirt, her long legs were sensuously spread and rested on the dashboard. I thought her ex-boyfriend must be one A-class dickhead. So that's what I told her. "And if you were my girlfriend," I continued "I would fuck you stupid every opportunity I had." She cast me a curious glance and I noticed her hand drop to her inner thigh. "And exactly how would you fuck me?" she asked. I felt my cock stir. "Well," I cleared my throat. "I'd peel those jeans off you, spread your legs and put my cock..."

"Would you go down on me? You know, lick my pussy?" Her hand was right on her cunt now. "Yes, yes of course," I said. She laid her head back on the seat and shut her eyes. "Tell me how you'd lick my cunt."

"I'd take down your jeans and run my tongue up your legs. Then I'd slowly start licking your slit through your panties. I'd pull your panties to one side and slide my tongue into your pussy."

My cock was pounding and I could barely keep my attention on the road as I watched Chrissy enjoying herself. "Then I'd suck your breasts and slowly explore your gorgeous pussy. I'd slide my fingers into your cunt as I licked and sucked your clit." At that, Chrissy let out an animal grunt, unbuttoned her jeans and thrust her hand down her pants.

"Would you stick your cock into my cunt?" she asked breathlessly. I was rubbing my cock through my jeans as I kept talking. "Yes, I'd put my cock into your cunt."

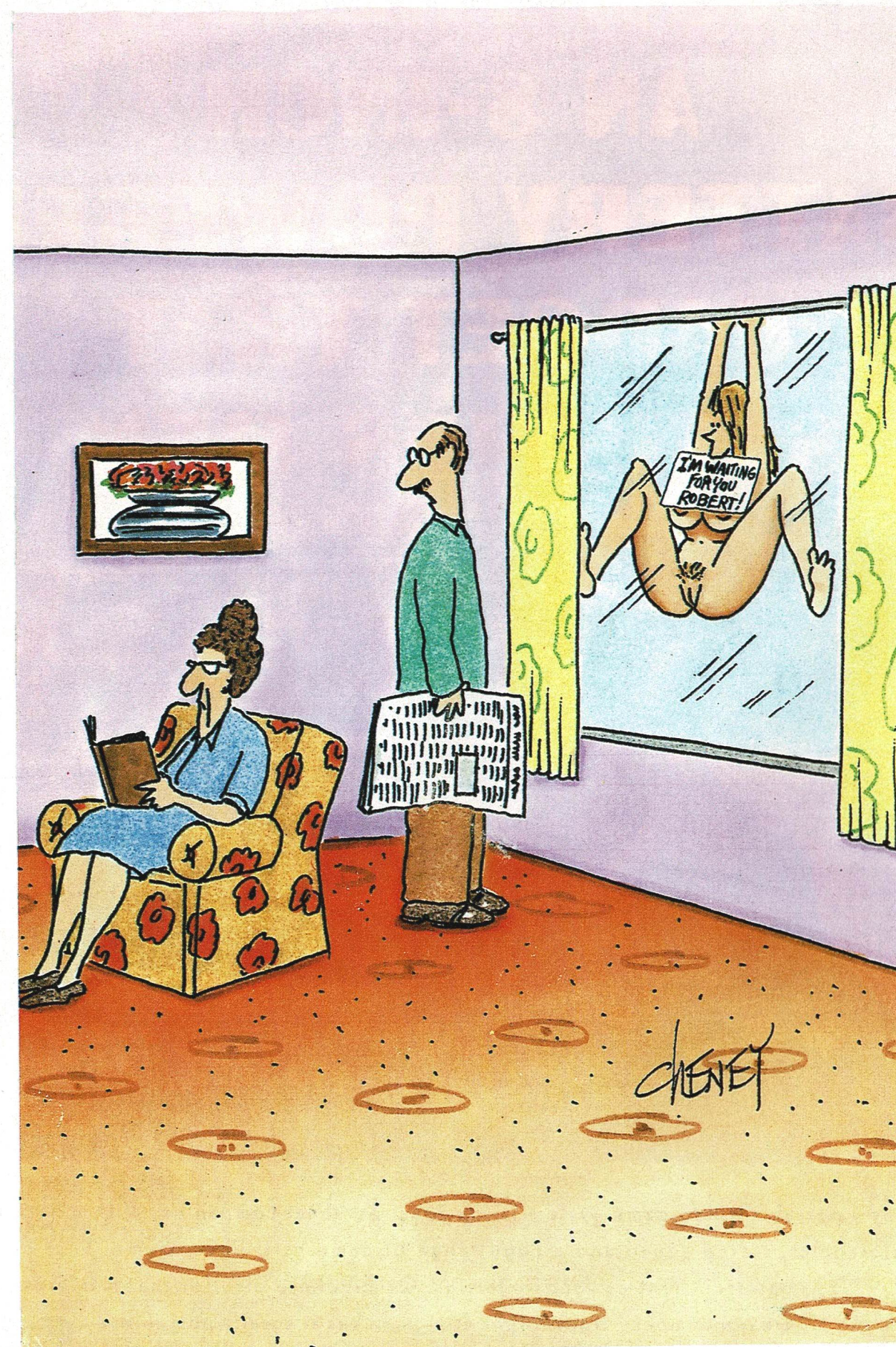
"Would you fuck me hard?"

"Yes," I said. Chrissy started to rub herself furiously.

Then, unable to take any more, she lifted her arse and pulled her jeans and panties down to her knees. I almost steered on to the wrong side of the road when I saw those beautiful long, tanned thighs with a perfect little bush at the top. She faced me and thrust two fingers into her cunt, rubbing her clit with her thumb. "Tell me about your cock in my cunt, tell me how hard it would feel, tell me how you would come in my pussy," she pleaded.

I could take no more. Fuck telling her about it, I thought. I'd just show her. I steered off the road and braked sharply on the dirt. With one swift movement I pulled my cock out, lifted her legs, pulled her jeans to her ankles and eased my cock into her dripping pussy. Two little Reebok-clad feet bounced around my

Continued on page 120



"Mildred, I'm leaving you forever."

NOW THERE'S AN 8-INCH BATTERY POWERED GADGET THAT SATISFIES MEN.



Sega's new portable video game system is the ideal personal companion. With a backlit screen, full colour graphics, stereo sound and a huge range of game cartridges, Game Gear puts quality entertainment at your fingertips. Or anywhere else, for that matter, since Game Gear's compact, lightweight design makes it totally portable.

And with Sega's unique TV Tuner option, Game Gear transforms into a colour television. Best of all, you only have to touch its button once to turn it on.

SEGA
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MODERN MAN

F R N T

MICE AND MEN

Enter the Modern Bloke of the Nineties

Yikes! And so it finally comes to this. When all around us are crumbling, chewing their nails to blood and enrolling in anger-management workshops, they turn to the very last bloke they can trust — the Modern Man.

Trust, that is, to heal the rift and forge a new Social Contract between the sexes. To right the wrongs and wrong-foot the right-wingers in a dazzling display of sheer modernity and political soundness. All done, of course, at the kind of speed that could only be achieved with the use of nine mirrors and a rabbit in a hat.

Here at the recently-inaugurated Modern Man Desk we have a feel for speed — an understanding of faith and momentum. And we have heard the confused cry: "What the hell's a Modern Man, anyway?"

We have tried to find a definition for the Modern Man of the Nineties, but there seems to be none. The modern happening bloke is more easily defined by what he isn't and what he doesn't do, than by some Heffneresque philosophy by which to live.

And why not? This is, of course, the Nineties — the decade of the

"Rules the feminists bullied us into have created the real Modern Man. . ."

pragmatist, the year of the Main Chance. A bloke with upward pretensions has to blend like a chameleon and move like a robber, smile like a saint and fight like a madwoman with a Stanley knife.

Illustration by Drahos Zak



The contemporary Modern Man, opposed to Seventies and Eighties prototypes, doesn't have a grand plan for life or a hankering to enter the Inner Womb of woman-think. He doesn't wear dungarees covered in militant cause badges and talk with an affected lisp. He has no moral problem with trying to get a girl into bed and has even less angst about legging it come morning. Today's Modern Man doesn't go to men's groups and isn't overly impressed by another bloke openly weeping to express his feelings — he avoids sexism but doesn't need a female to tell him how to live. He doesn't behave like a Sensitive New Age Guy although he knows enough about it to pull a dead-ringer mimic.

But it hasn't always been this way. Modern Men of other eras earned a bad name with both men and women.

Time was when the Modern Man was a hen-pecked sissy who was going all-out to act and appear and *feel* like a woman. And not just any woman — no siree. Of all the

females he could pick to be like, he chose the most pious, dour, serious and sexually nervous She-Dog he could find, and started playing by her rules. Ugly stuff — and it's no wonder this prototype modern bloke caught shit from all spokes of the wheel.

But, without defending him, the original New Age Man was under some heinous pressures. What, for example, does one do when a wife or girlfriend of five years turns around and announces that none of the cornerstones of the relationship matter any more because there's a bra-less girl with a crew cut at her modern Eng Lit class who says so?

Well, sounds like a bit of a joke, right? This girl you've known for half a decade comes home one night with no make-up and wearing a boiler suit, tells you she'll never cook a meal again in her new life, bans you from watching *The Benny Hill Show* and says you're a rapist because you're male.

And remember, this is 1979 we're talking about here. Things are bad

MICE AND MEN

enough on the *outside*. The streets are full of aliens with green mohawks and tattooed faces yelling stuff about anarchy and what QEII can do with various parts of her Royal We — spitting on your white linen flares and calling you a “fucking hippie.” And here’s this erstwhile companion going haywire *inside* the ramparts. Yes, right here! In my fucking house!

Some guys fought back, others ran away and a small-but-obvious group became Modern Men. Eek! They were strange times to be alive and a lot of blokes just flowed with them all the way into the Eighties.

But, hey, this the Nineties, folks, and all those rules the feminists bullied into us have turned the corner and created the real Modern Man — that is, the bloke he should have been all along. The reconstructed bloke in the Nineties

has escaped the hysteria of plain women in unattractive clothing running about the place, prying into other folks’ business and being very angry with anyone who doesn’t agree with them.

The Nineties Modern Man is pragmatic enough to join the team he couldn’t beat. And behold! The modern bloke doesn’t shrink from feminist dogma — he embraces it. But of course! Feminist theory is perfect for the Modern Man, who is, if nothing else, a creature of leisure.

Without feminists, the modern man would have to admit to his need for extensive leisure and convalescing periods rather than having a politically valid reason for it. As it happens, a modern man can trot out something like: “I need some space in my life where I can express my malehood.” Which is wonderful stuff, and, we may add,

an invention of women, which makes it instantly sound. A bloke can get all sorts of things done in this “space” — the mind boggles.

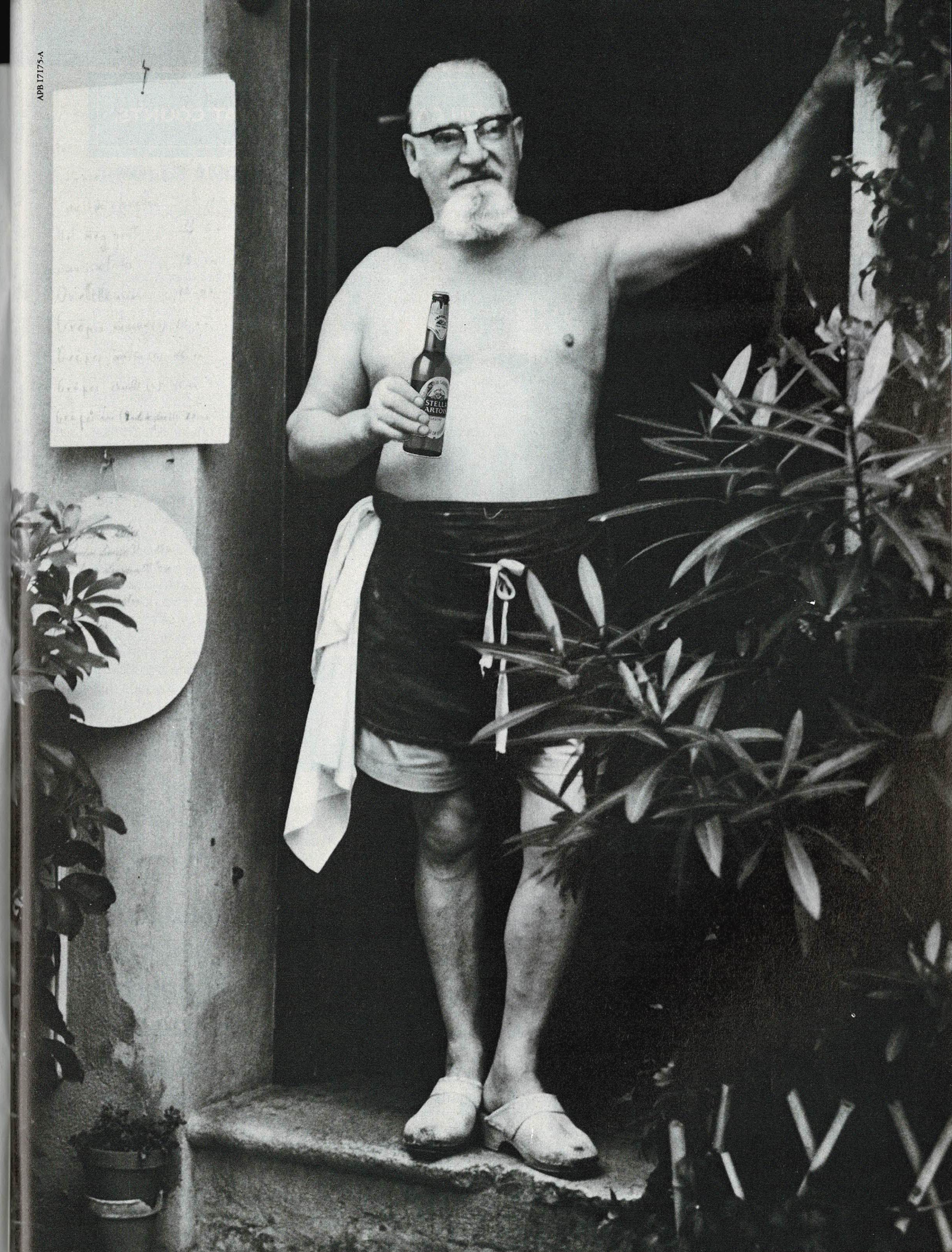
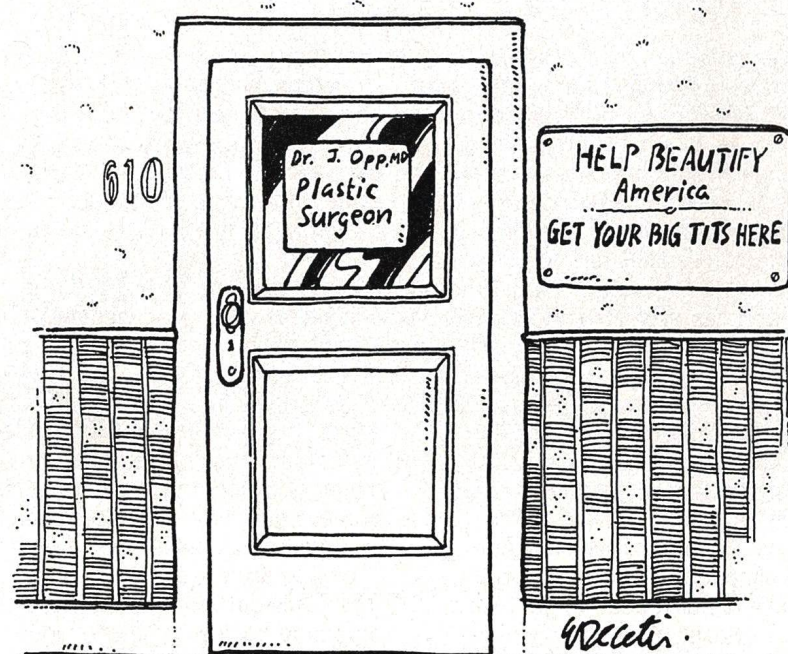
Or, if he feels the need for even more leisure time, the modern man of the Nineties can turn to the spouse one fine morning and say: “I’m not going to mow the lawn or paint the house or trim the hedge or fix the car or take the rubbish to the dump because I feel that’s a negative sexual stereotype of me as a male.” Not that a modern man of leisure ever did anything around the house anyway, but that’s not the point. The point is, she will buy this as valid because you’ve been pretending for long enough that *you* have no gender-specific stereotypes of her. And that’s what feminism was all about in the first place, was it not? Equality.

It’s really quite beautiful isn’t it? The symmetry is simply wonderful and the modern man can develop his spiritual side while upholding all the feminist principles that one holds so dear.

It’s enough to put a tear in a bloke’s eye and a lump in his pants. Especially since the Nineties Woman has shown some positive early response to the Modern Man and his philanthropic endeavors. And why shouldn’t she? There’s nothing more dignified to a woman than a sight of a real Modern Man

“It’s enough to put a tear in a bloke’s eye and a lump in his pants. . .”

on the loose, the wind in his hair and the sun on his back, money in the bank, company in the cot and a smile on the dial. That’s Modern. That’s dignity . . . in fact, maybe we’ve just stumbled on the definition of the Modern Man: maybe he’s the bloke who still likes himself. Onward. — Mark Abernethy



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T R A V E L

FRONT

JINGLES AND JUNGLE

East meets West at the gateway to Micronesia

In 1972, an emaciated Japanese fellow wearing remnants of the uniform of Hirohito's glorious army emerged from the jungles of Guam to officially surrender to US forces.

For 30 years, Shoichi Yakoi had hidden in the North Pacific island's hinterland caves, existing on fruit and small fauna, and ever ready with his trusty (and rusty) battle sword should a patrol of Yankee devils reconnoitre his neck of the undergrowth.

The thought processes that finally led Shoichi to cry "uncle" after three decades of isolation are not recorded in Guam's popular tourist literature. But when, fortified on one last gutful of rats, bats and berries, he broke cover and hoisted the white hankie he was feted as a hero by the world press.

Back home in Japan he was tickertaped and awarded 30 years' army backpay, a tidy enough sum to buy him a neat home in the 'burbs and the loving attentions of a young wife. The happy couple returned to Guam for their honeymoon.

The tale is fascinating and strangely happy, and one that's vaguely symbolic of Guam itself. Since Ferdinand Magellan claimed the 550km-square tropical island for



tourism — the native population of Chamorrans has held out valiantly before surrendering to absorb aspects of each new culture.

Aside from business travellers and veterans kicking over the ashes of WWII's Pacific inferno, most visitors to Guam view the place as a stepping stone in or out of the Micronesian scatter of 2100 islands between the Philippines and Hawaii. It is perhaps best regarded as a place of transit.

Hit it after island hopping through the more isolated outposts of unspoiled culture and divers' wet dreams that Micronesia offers, and Guam's atmosphere, especially in the capital, Agana, seems cacophonous; a humid, concrete, hectic Third-World place, jitterbugging to American jingles and for American dollars.

Guam is an Unincorporated Territory of the US, a rather convenient arrangement for Uncle Sam, which, while allowing the Guamanians a healthy, military-fed economy, forbids them a full vote in national elections and requires them to provide land for military bases free of the multi-million dollar fees paid to the Philippines.

Over the past few years Australians have been courted to experience Guam, the wooing

taking the form of undeniably reasonable American airline package deals. Most invite travellers to the shores of Tumon Bay, a Waikiki-style necklace of resort complexes that forms the tourist hub of the island. A building binge along the bay and throughout the capital is throwing up extravagant holiday playgrounds.

Guam is a place that has sold out and continues to sell out as fast as the yen and the greenbacks can pour in. It begs to satisfy the tastes of many cultures, and nothing too refined.

But take a short drive out from the tourist throb and sleaze and a quiet rural rhythm is revealed; white palmy beaches and picturesque Spanish-influenced villages where the annual highlight of the devout Chamorrans is a candle-bearing religious feast.

In Guam, Pacific "paradise" was lost long ago and nobody gives a hot damn. Heck, why should they? There are enough dollars for all and more where they came from. Depends how you look at it. Guam can be a place to have one hell of a good time, or maybe, as Shoichi Yakoi no doubt mused in his cave more times than his old brain can remember, it is just a hell of a place. — C.J. Mackay

Photo by Guam Visitors Bureau

TERRIFYING TRANQUILLITY

Going flying without a motor takes guts



The tow-plane took up the slack in the rope and the glider shuddered as it accelerated to take-off velocity. But just after both aircraft had become airborne, the foreign student in the front seat — contrary to instructions issued on the ground — grabbed the stick and jerked it back sharply. The glider nosed up violently,

consequently forcing the nose of the tow-plane down. The instructor yelled to the student and fought to regain control. The airspeed of both aircraft was dangerously low.

The instructor could see the outcome: the tow-plane would stall and nose into the ground; the glider, attached by the rope, would cartwheel to earth. He desperately fumbled for the release handle between his feet. The student, oblivious to the protestations of the instructor, held the stick back. The instructor yanked the release lever. The tow-plane sluggishly climbed away and the glider settled gently on the end of the runway.

Peter Raanoja, a senior flying instructor at the Southern Cross Gliding Club, told me this story as we prepared to take off — presumably to reinforce the idea of not touching the controls. It worked. But he was also quick to point out that gliding is a safe sport and accidents are rare — if fatalities do occur, it's usually during competition flying.

From the ground, gliders look like graceful birds gently drifting across the countryside. Their meandering appears romantic, even spiritual. In the cockpit, however, it's a different

story. The rush of wind through the vents, combined with radio noise and turbulence, creates a busy, distracting atmosphere. In my case this was exacerbated by my instructor, Werner Voneuw, who scanned the skies for other aircraft.

"Do you see the aircraft at 12 o'clock?" he asked nonchalantly. Sure enough there was a Caribou ahead of us. He went on to point out other gliders, light aircraft, balloons and helicopters all operating in the same area. "We must try not to hit them," he said dryly.

I noticed that we had dropped 150m from our release altitude. By now I had become accustomed to the cockpit and I began to see the beauty of gliding. The sense of serenity is generated by the knowledge that you are up there without the aid of power. To stay aloft you must harness the energy of nature, or, to be precise, you must search for thermals.

Thermals are rising pockets of air created by hot land masses. Towns, wheat fields, garbage dumps and dark areas (like a patch of trees) are usually good sources of thermals. The idea is to fly into them and ride them like a spiral

escalator. Werner buttoned on to one above a garbage dump and held a hard 30-degree right bank. As we pivoted above the dump, the altimeter began to nudge reassuringly upwards. We rose about 150m in a few minutes, then pulled out to look for another thermal.

"[Riding thermals] becomes a little more dangerous in competitions," Werner explained. "When a pilot finds a good thermal, other pilots will flock to him to catch a lift. It is not odd to see 30 gliders spiralling up the same thermal. This makes for very tense flying." Competitions are conducted on all levels from club to international.

Werner suggested I take the controls, telling me to ease the nose forward *gently*. I nudged the stick forward with what I considered to be a gentle touch. The nose dived towards the ground, leaving my stomach 50m above; the altimeter started to spin wildly, like

in war movies just before the pilot ejects. Naturally I pulled the stick back, but over-compensated in the process. Werner smiled and took the controls back.

During August and September at Jindabyne some glider pilots ride what is known as "wave lift." Different to thermal lift, this lift is created by the strong westerlies coming across the Snowies. The idea is to face the glider into the torrent of oncoming air — which has enough velocity to create lift — while remaining stationary over the ground. So, like a giant kite without a string, the wave riders take a 450-feet/minute express elevator to altitudes of 10,000m. At this height (and breathing oxygen), they look down on interstate flights between Melbourne and Sydney.

What adds to the excitement of wave-riding is that gliders are so rudimentary. The glider I flew in had neither pressurisation nor double-lined skin (and no bar-cart or

hosties, either). The fuselage is monocoque construction while the 22-metre wings are ribbed. The controls are cable with Bowden turning points. All the instrumentation is the same as power-driven aircraft with one obvious exception: engine controls. Overall, it's a very spartan cockpit.

Despite their rudimentary appearance, gliders aren't cheap. They start from about \$8000 and go up to \$120,000 for the self-launching type. (A small motor folds out from the aircraft's rear for take-off, then folds away once airborne.)

"The wave riders take an express elevator to altitudes of 10,000m. . ."

Flying a glider is easier than driving a car, according to the instructors at the Southern Cross Gliding Club. But the learning process is a lot more rigorous. Although there is no official licensing system for gliding, students must satisfy the Gliding Federation of Australia (GFA) requirements, which include being able to handle emergency procedures such as spins, stalls and forced landings.

Usually, after about four hours of logged flight time, the student goes solo. From there the system works on log-book endorsement.

All in all, it's a peculiar sport. With its elementary craft, its serenity and its dependence on the wind, gliding is similar to smooth-water sailing. Yet the high level of concentration required to pilot a glider, and the inherent danger of flying without a motor, belie its placid aspect. It is, in short, a contradiction — a terrifying tranquillity. — *Todd Cole*



HARD BARGAINS

How to lock horns with Eastern traders (and survive)

Fresh from having been ripped off mercilessly by smarter-than-I traders in the Third World, I am assailed by doubts as to my financial acumen. However, learning from one's mistakes is a

cheaper — and indeed are often dearer — than at home. If you don't know roughly how much you can buy that camera for at Myers, give the thing a miss. Different countries have different



rigorous, if sometimes expensive, mode of education and there are a few tricks that I can impart to save you the trouble of buying for 1,000 rupees something you see the next day for a tenth of that.

The basic rule is to know your values, which can be hard if you find yourself bargaining for precious stones and you've never bought a precious stone in your life. In such cases you have to be lucky — or good at learning value from local referents — to get a bargain.

It can be done. Luckily, throughout the East the traders have a tendency to set up business in quarters. Thus you have whole sections of the bazaar where there are 20 or 30 shops making suits, or shoes, or jewellery. Simply visiting a few of these traders and asking the cost of a fairly standard item will give you a rough idea of its worth.

As a general rule, items with a large labor content — such as clothes or shoes — will be fairly cheap in countries where labor is low-cost. Other items, such as electronic equipment, can be no

approaches to bargaining on price. In Indonesia, for example, the first-quoted price is usually about twice what you will end up paying if you bargain hard. In Pakistan, the first quoted price can be either just five percent more than the trader's final cost, or it can be three or ten times the actual price.

Having made your bid, if the trader rejects it — and he will — shrug your shoulders and move slowly off. If the trader then calls you back, you're in business. Praise the article, admit that you want it, but remind him that you are not a millionaire and tell him his price is just too much. Allow yourself to be nudged up — slowly, say 25 percent each time — to your already decided price. If you really want the article that much, sure, go a little over that price — but only after you've gone to break off negotiations. One bid over your decided price is OK.

Practise bargaining on the small items. He wants \$25 for half a dozen mandarins. Give him \$15. They may be fixed price or they

may not be; he might be trying you on or he may not be. Unless you've been buying mandarins every day for the last ten days, you're not going to know until you try him out.

Convert the local price back to \$A in your head — don't fall for their trap of quoting \$US dollars (which is about one third more in \$A — and if it's about half the price you can buy it for at home, then it's worth buying. Then bargain to see if you can get it even cheaper. But if it's roughly the same cost as in Australia, do you really want it? Maybe because of the design and because it's hand-woven, it really is worth at least what you'd pay for machine-made Western stuff. Or maybe it's not so crash-hot after all. What are you going to do with it when you get home? Anything?

If you do want to buy things overseas, do a bit of homework before you leave. Find out what is cheap in the countries you are travelling to. Also try to find out why. "Persian" carpets can be cheap in India — because they're made by slave labor and on a production line. Buy one if you just want a cheap carpet: but don't expect anyone with a skerrick of taste to rave over your marvellous rug.

But finally, even paying five times what you could've paid is not the end of the world (unless of course it's a high-priced carpet or fur coat)

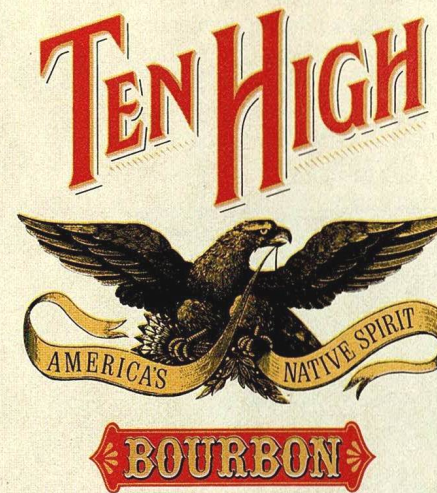
“What are you going to do with it when you get it home? Anything?”

if you are happy with it. Which is the ultimate test. If you've prepared to pay \$X, then fair enough, do so. You're happy and the trader's happy: the essence of a good deal. — *David Quicksilver*

Illustration by Drahos Zak



SOME THINGS DON'T CHANGE.
SOME THINGS DON'T HAVE TO.



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NEXT YEAR'S MODELS

Show cars take to the road

It wasn't long ago that concept cars displayed at international motor shows largely defied reality. Wild, surreal, off-the-wall jiggers, they were intended to fire imaginations and raise eyebrows. Few made the long journey from notion to showroom.

Lately, though, show cars have taken on a more meaningful approach befitting the new-found social awareness of the global giants who, pushed along by some enlightened and accountable governments, have made positive changes.

The motor vehicle is still a very destructive social tool, but its manners are improving.

Increasingly, car companies are spending their research dollars (and marks and yen and won and francs) more sanely on projects that are given strong chances of, in the not-too-distant future, gliding into car dealerships.

The more responsible approach hasn't necessarily retarded innovation or boldness, either. In the design studios from Hiroshima to Munich to San Diego, anything goes, provided it has an Earth-friendly streak. That's motoring as it surges towards the mid-Nineties.

True, there are still a few wild and illogical show cars around today; dream machines with nary the slightest chance of making it to production. But the wanky stuff is on the wane. These days the car makers are more likely to use motor shows to gauge consumer reaction to a design study.

Performance is still a magical marketing tool, and the cars of tomorrow are losing none of their verve. But with the exciting elements come several more serious prerequisites — lower exhaust emission, greater fuel efficiency and standout safety.

Environmental issues such as the Greenhouse effect and ozone layer depletion, and the awful truth that the world's known fossil-fuel reserves have perhaps as few as 30 years left before the barrel runs dry, have forced change. The motoring industry is under the hammer. It must pay better than lip

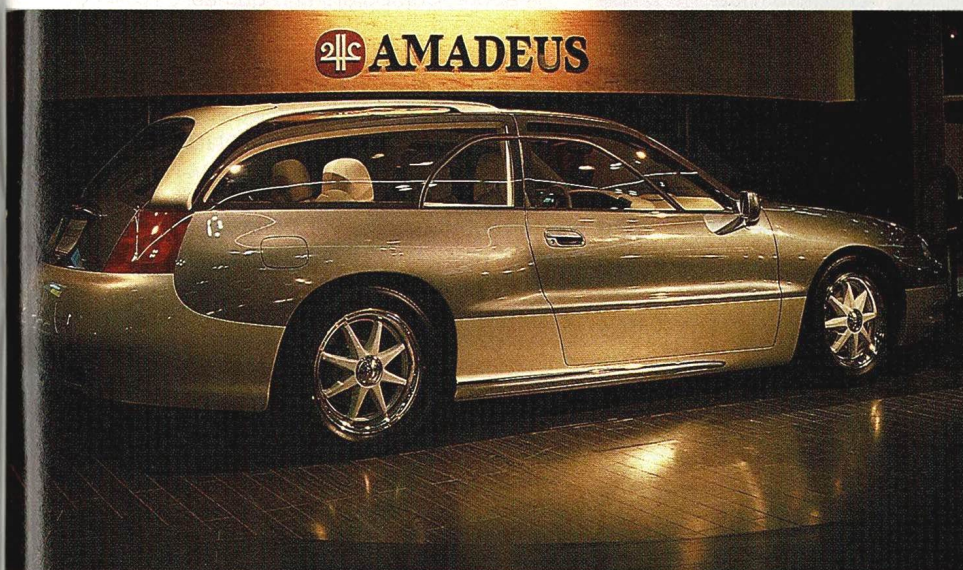
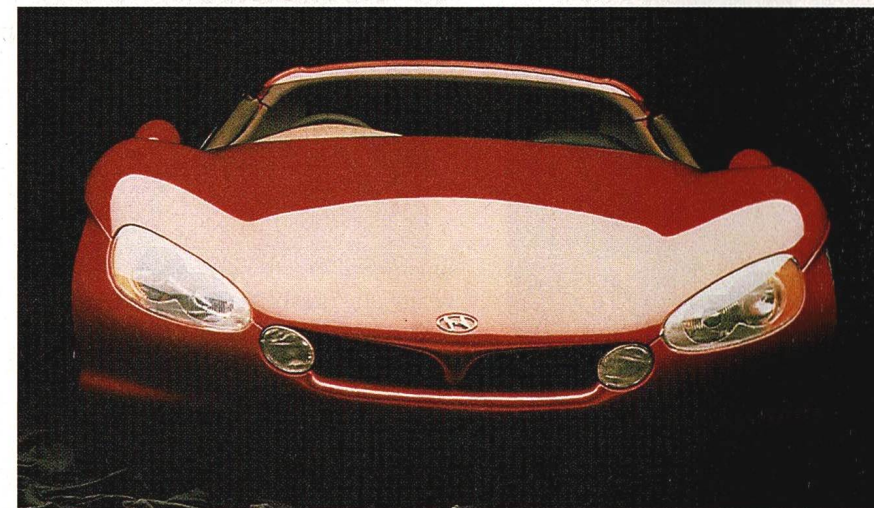
service to the environment now.

Enter electric cars and hybrids and two-strokes and tiny commuter cars. And limos and sports models with consciences and a sensible thirst for fuel. Safety has also become a priority for consumers who so often in the past, quite bewilderingly, preferred a nice sound system or a sunroof ahead of life-saving devices such as BS anti-skid brakes and air bags.

We're seeing these environmentally friendly, fuel-thrifty, safe cars offered as working concepts at the big motor shows around the globe at Frankfurt, Tokyo and Detroit. And within three or four years, the chances are we'll be driving them.



Clockwise from above: The hybrid VW Chico; Hyundai's glamorous HCD-1; the Amadeus and the Rioma, both from Subaru.



Toyota admits its AVX III show car is a little too close for comfort to a coming production version. More a prototype than a concept, it is powered by an advanced 24-valve, 2.5-litre V6. The hi-tech AVX boasts combustion pressure sensors in each cylinder, controlling lean air-fuel ratios, and a new emissions-fitting catalyst. Continuous variable valve-time delays the closing of the inlet valves under light load to reduce pumping losses.

Volkswagen isn't as coy about its Chico, a striking petrol-electric hybrid town-car idea which showcases thoughtful technology and take-me-home-and-cuddle-me looks. VW execs are talking openly about its future prospects as a production model. The father of the

Chico, Dr Thomas Scharhorst, was hardly guarded in his comments at the Tokyo Motor Show. "We have to make it," he said.

With a 635cc two-cylinder petrol engine and 6KW electric motor, the Chico is a halfway-house to a future world without combustion engines. While pure electric cars still have the disadvantages of low performance and limited operating range, the hybrid concept allows the motorist to call on conventional petrol engine power when required. Using the electric motor, say at

"The motoring industry must pay better than lip service to environmental issues now. . ."

constant speeds in city peak-hour traffic, is a concession to reducing noise and exhaust emissions.

The economy-sized Chico is a smart car in other ways too, combining comfort with minimum use of road space. Access is via cleverly designed doors — part wing, part sliders. Importantly, the Mini-sized two-door hatchback Chico meets all crash tests and is fitted with air bags. As well, the front passenger seat has been designed as a combined adult's and child's safety seat and can be turned 180 degrees away from the direction of travel.

Doctors from the crash unit of Sydney's Camperdown Children's Hospital have shown keen interest in the safety seat.

VW has already improved a few areas of criticism with the Chico — the dashboard, front mudguards and bumpers, all described as being too messy on the prototype. The Chico, predicts Scharhorst,

Continued on page 128

The day that pinball died

I snorted. I was under age and getting drunk seemed a far more sophisticated thing to do. But we went down to the milk bar anyway. There we found our mate James locked in mortal combat with a large black console. The thing towered over the pinball machines. It had a TV screen. It was making strange noises. Every so often it would sound as though it had exploded.

Technology affects people differently. Some become fanatics who know every detail and talk in weird jargon. Others come to terms

“Games are a good way to confront the beast and find your way around. . .”

Most of what we'll be looking at will be on IBM-compatible PCs, because that's what lives on my desk and that's what most people have. Until recently a 286 was fine, but the way things are going

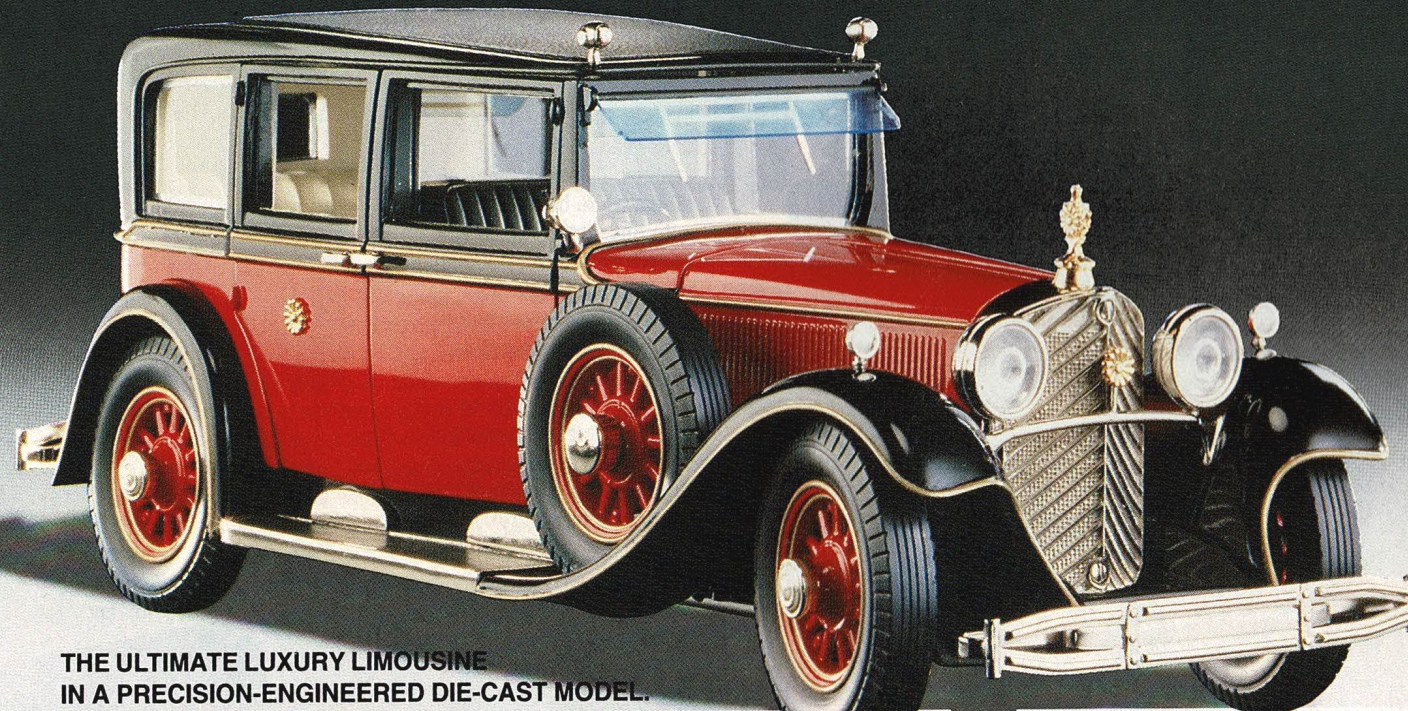
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Illustration by Roger Griffin

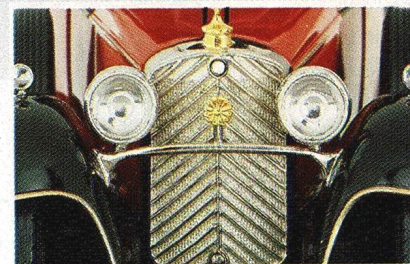


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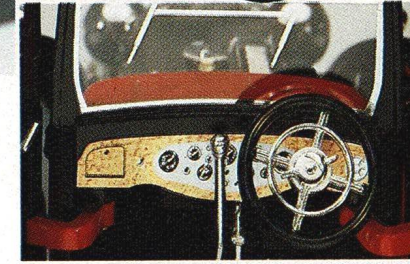
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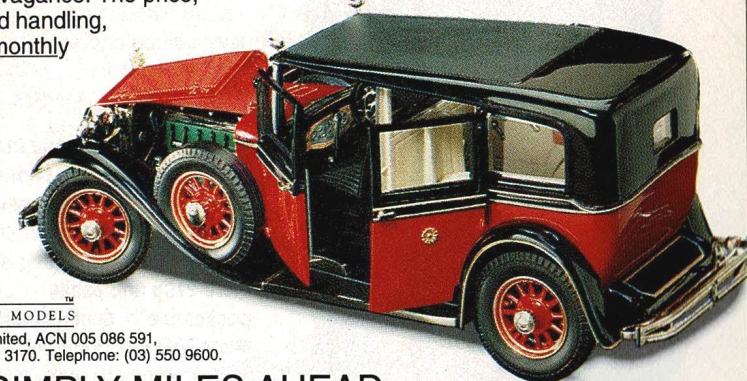
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▶ JVC sheds some light on the subject with its GR-AX10, the first video minicam to be offered with its own gloom-buster. In concert with a gain-up control, the detachable video light enables the AX10 to record dark deeds with ease assisted by an 8X zoom, digital white balance and auto backlight compensation. An optional remote control provides additional facilities such as time-lapse and animation while the standard equipment also includes a tape head cleaner and eight-color titling. Hagemeyer Australasia are asking \$1899 for the illuminating AX10.



◀ Is that a cellular phone in your pocket or...? If the phone in question is Motorola's new MicroTAC II, the answer could well be "yes." Weighing a mere 219g and easily pocketable in dimensions, the MicroTAC II is nonetheless well equipped to make all the right connections. It has a 90-number/name memory, eight-digit dot matrix display with scroll, alphanumeric directory, signal strength and battery level indicators and auto redial function. Using the Ultra Slim battery, there's 45 minutes of talk time with eight hours' stand-by. Rapid recharging takes 30 minutes. The MicroTAC II is priced at \$2995 from Motorola Australia.



◀ The marvels of miniaturisation have resulted in a compact disc player smaller than two CD boxes and with a battery life of ten hours. Technics' SL-XPS900 weighs around 340g with batteries, but despite its diminutive dimensions it's equipped with everything needed to make a big sound, including four MASH 1-bit digital-to-analog converters and a 32-times oversampling digital filter (many bench-top CD machines aren't as well specified). A card-sized remote unit controls music scan, repeat play and track programming. The price tag is \$659 from all Technics stockists.



▶ It can't get much simpler than this, but Hitachi's "one box" FX-7 compact stereo system has everything to make a good impression on the ears. The built-in amplifier pumps out 25 watts per channel and the two-way loudspeakers are ported to deliver a good solid bass. There's an AM/FM tuner, dual Dolby-B cassette decks and a top-loading CD player which boasts features such as 24-track programming, random play and a choice of repeat models. The whole lot can be remotely controlled and there's a built-in timer so the FX-7 can function as an up-market clock-radio. The price of such bedside sophistication is \$899.



▶ Fax machines are notorious litter-bugs, especially if left alone for any time, so Easycomm has dragged the device into the Nineties with the Diskfax. Logically, Diskfax receives and transmits fax messages using computer diskettes which makes a good deal of sense for anybody working with PCs. The Diskfax unit has 3.5 and 5.25-inch disk drives (or a hard disk version is available) and handles all major formats and functions in exactly the same manner as a conventional fax machine except that files are handled direct from the floppies. It transmits at a kilobyte per second, is completely secure (unlike a phone-linked PC) and is entirely self-contained. The "floppy" version costs just under \$3000 while the hard drive-equipped Diskfax is priced at \$4450.



▶ Even if you never imbibe the demon drink, it's still almost impossible to cure the shakes when hand-holding a small video camera, so picture jitter is a big problem. Mitsubishi's cure is a pair of electronic gyros — fitted to the HS-CX4 camcorder — which perform some clever tricks at the image pick-up stage to give a much more stable picture even when shooting at telephoto settings. Weighing just 600g, the VHS-C format CX4 also boasts hi-fi sound, an 8X zoom, digital titling (with colors), a 1/4000-second shutter and six auto modes for point-and-shoot convenience with tricky subjects such as sunsets or sports action. Expect to pay around \$1900 from Mitsubishi Electric AWA.



MAYBE, BABY

The Morrors return with power pop

Having to remember the words to all her songs seems to be one of the perils of burgeoning popularity for Annalisse Morrow of the Maybe Dolls. Even when she was on tour with club monsters Bad II, audiences displayed a gratifying tendency to know the lyrics and to sing along. Using the crowd's lips as an autocue was never an option for Annalisse and brother Chris in their previous incarnation as The Numbers, despite their moments of chart success with "Five Letter Word." Annalisse is shouldering this onerous task quite happily, as she obviously relishes treading the boards and studio carpet with Chris once more.

Their debut tract, *Propaganda* (RCA), is significant because it showcases her songwriting talents (as well as those of her brother), which had only been touched on briefly when The Numbers finally went under in 1983. Mind you, over the past four years they have had some potent advice and encouragement from eccentric American-based producer Roy Thomas Baker, who at various times has manned the studio cockpit for the likes of the Rolling

Stones, Queen and David Bowie.

The disc has judicious contributions by Justin Stanley (Noiseworks), Jim Hilburn (ex Angels) and Paul Gray (Wa Wa Nee), but, playing live, they've opted for the directness of a trio with Annalisse on bass, Chris on guitar and (currently) Paul Wheeler (Icehouse) on drums. House music may have come and gone techno in the period that Annalisse was wandering the fertile but (for her) unfocussed wilderness of cabaret and theatre, but, apparently unmoved by recent trends, these two have simply taken up the power pop reins they held back then.

On the evidence of his first solo release, J. Diesel has apparently experienced very little bottoming out of his personal-growth J-curve. And Jimmy Barnes possibly qualifies for Svengali status for seeing past the resilient — if tedious — pub-rock rut of Johnny Diesel and the Injectors. Mr D acquitted himself well last year on Barnesy's soul collation, but that is nothing compared to the breadth and depth of writing, singing, and, of course, playing the guitar on *HepFidelity* (EMI). Diesel, or Mark Lizotte, as his mum knows him, took great pains in his selection of songs and writing partners, who include Don Walker (Cold Chisel). He also took more time in the studio than he did with the Injectors to craft this

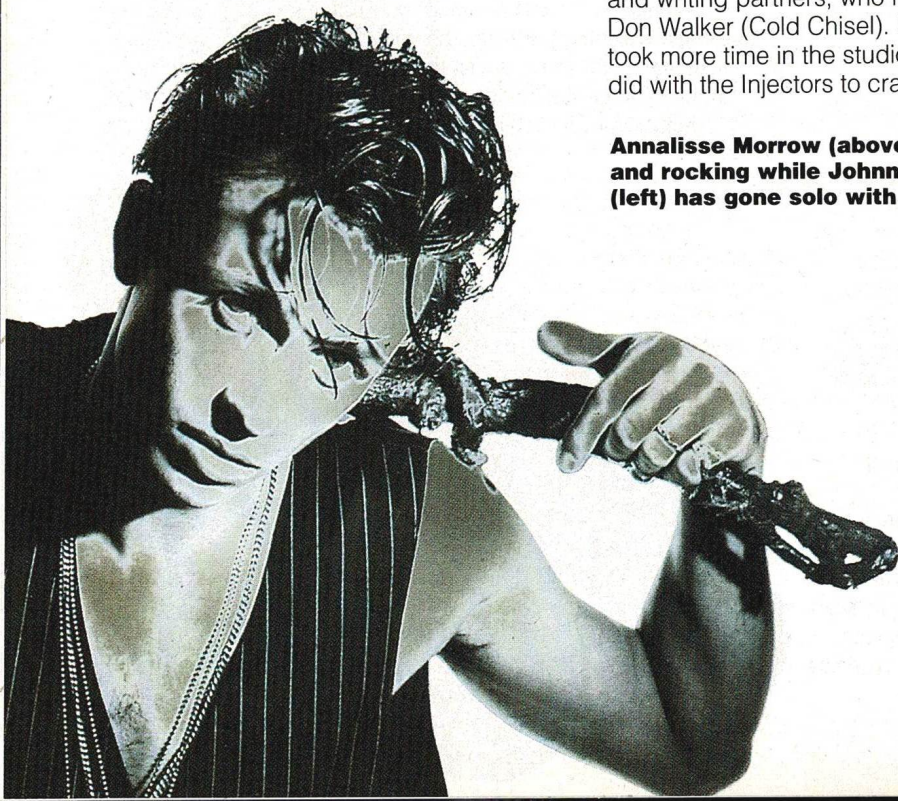
Annalisse Morrow (above is back and rocking while Johnny Diesel (left) has gone solo with style.



"Diesel avoids fashionable duets with famous older stars..."

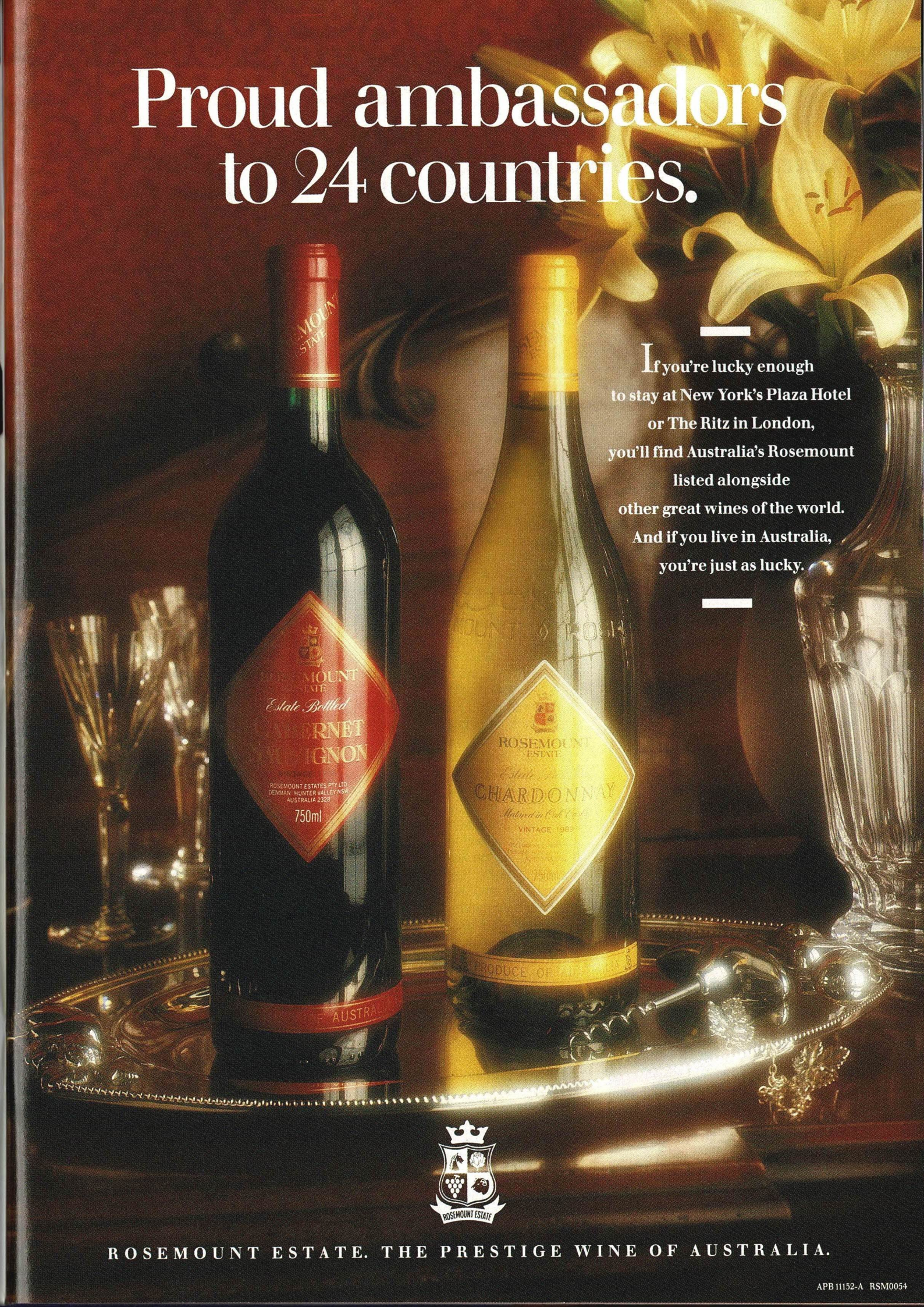
recording, although the guitar parts are pretty much live passes. Recorded in two bouts (Memphis and LA), his patience has paid off. He avoids fashionable duets with famous older stars and runs the gamut of big-beat funk ("Love Junk"), windblown guitar grandstanding ("One More Time") and the sort of Gospel-tinged pop that the Drifters got stuck into under a boardwalk of their own choice ("Come To Me").

Dallas, Texas, resident Mark Griffin, who goes by the cuddly moniker of MC 900 FT JESUS, bids us a hearty *Welcome To My Dream* (Nettwerk). He has been heralded with the albatross-like accolade of the "new rap messiah" — join the club if you're still waiting for the old one. His lyrical antecedents probably go back more to the dark, indulgent poetry of Jim Morrison and Beat poets that went before. His preferred vocal style is of the detached, post-apocalyptic commentator, a walkie-talkie from beyond. — *Jeremy Cook*



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KILLER LESBIANS WITH ICEPICKS

A movie to stir up just about everyone

Thrilling, killing and seed spilling are just some of the attractions of **Basic Instinct**, a celluloid package happily guaranteed to offend just about everyone.

Starring Michael Douglas and the sizzling Sharon Stone, in the States this one stirred up the wrath of the Bible Belt and the Gay and Lesbian Alliance Against Defamation who protested negative stereotyping. Why? The Belters had a go at the film's salacious portrayal of sexual acts (according to actress Stone, "Michael Douglas and I went as far as *anyone* could go.") And the gays saw red over the film's depiction of a string of murders committed by ice-pick wielding lesbians.

Also, in the States they got an edited version. Here the film's distributors, Roadshow, proudly

proclaim an unexpurgated release, giving us a full 42 seconds more rooting, tooting and carry-on. We're talking loads of gratuitous sex and violence, filmed for the most part in a steamy, arty-farty manner. What more could the film-going punter ask for? ***

Sam Shepard, voted by thinking women as the man they'd most like to have meaningful conversation and dynamite sex with, wafts existentially across the screen in Volker Schlöndorff's **Voyager**. Never noted for feel-good works of froth and bubble, Schlöndorff (*The Tin Drum*, *Death Of A Salesman*), is deadly serious again in this story of introspection and spiritual journeying, based on Max Frisch's best-selling novel *Homo Faber*.

Shepard plays loner Walter Faber, an engineer involved in an air crash en route from Venezuela to New York in 1957. After the crash he learns that his travelling companion is the brother of an old friend, and so begin flashbacks to Zurich, 1938 and a painful romance. The incident sets Faber on another journey, an ocean voyage to Europe, during which he ponders his spiritual navel and meets the scintillating Sabeth (Julie Delpy) and falls in love. More travelling, as the lovers tootle through France, learning about themselves, and letting impulse be their Michelin guide. "But with each day of their journey, Faber moves closer toward his destiny..."

What cruel hand has fickle fate dealt this doomed couple? Frankly, after putting up with the ponderous pace of this admittedly very pretty travelogue, one tends not to give a rat's botty what happens to them. Recommended for those who take their films and themselves very seriously. **1/2

With subtle undertones of *Fatal Attraction*, **The Hand That Rocks The Cradle** zeroes in on the wickedness and ruthlessness of a childless woman against a happy family. Rebecca De Mornay is the baddie, Annabella Sciorra the sweetness-and-apple-pie object of

her jealousy and manipulation.

Here's why. Sciorra, pregnant with her second child, goes to a new obstetrician and is sexually interfered with during the examination. She reports the doctor, and the doctor kills himself. While all this is happening, the

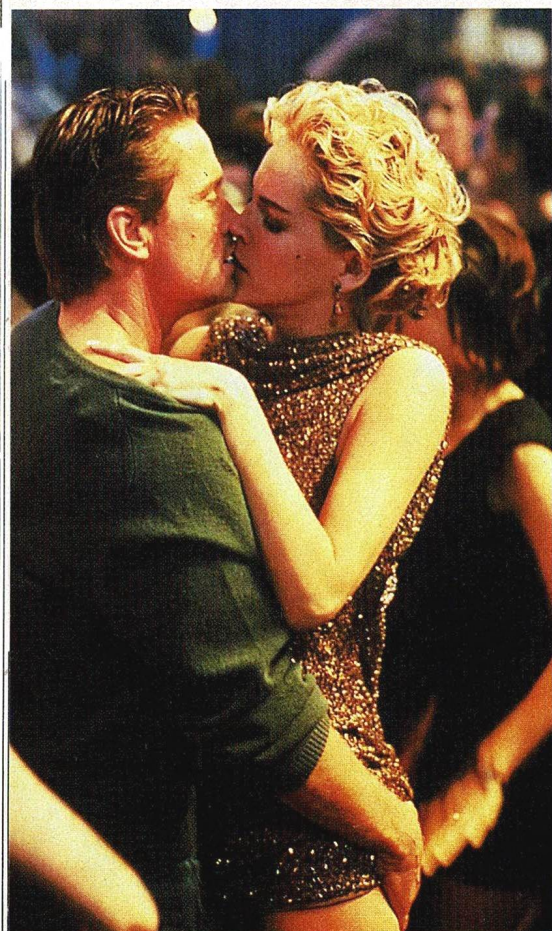
"What cruel hand has fate dealt this doomed couple?"

doctor's widow (De Mornay) has a miscarriage and is told that she can't have any more children. Vengeful, she wheedles her way into a position as a nanny to Sciorra's lovely kiddies, and insidiously begins eroding Sciorra's confidence in her own attractiveness, the stability of her marriage and the love of her children.

Written by a woman (Amanda Silver), *The Hand That Rocks The Cradle* appears at a time when American popular media is encouraging the return of women to motherhood and the home. Single-minded careerists like Murphy Brown and Rebecca, heroine of *Cheers*, are getting themselves up the duff, skirt-chasing characters on *LA Law* are settling down with motherly types and even Lois Lane is marrying Clark Kent. This film may well be a precursor to a rash of films in which barren-wombed women are portrayed as witches and jealous homewreckers.

All of which is not to say that this is a bad film. It is a very competent thriller in which De Mornay shines. It is its message that's questionable. In the Eighties, if you fucked around, some crazy bitch would boil your rabbit. In the Nineties, the really bad mothers are the ones who aren't mothers at all. ***

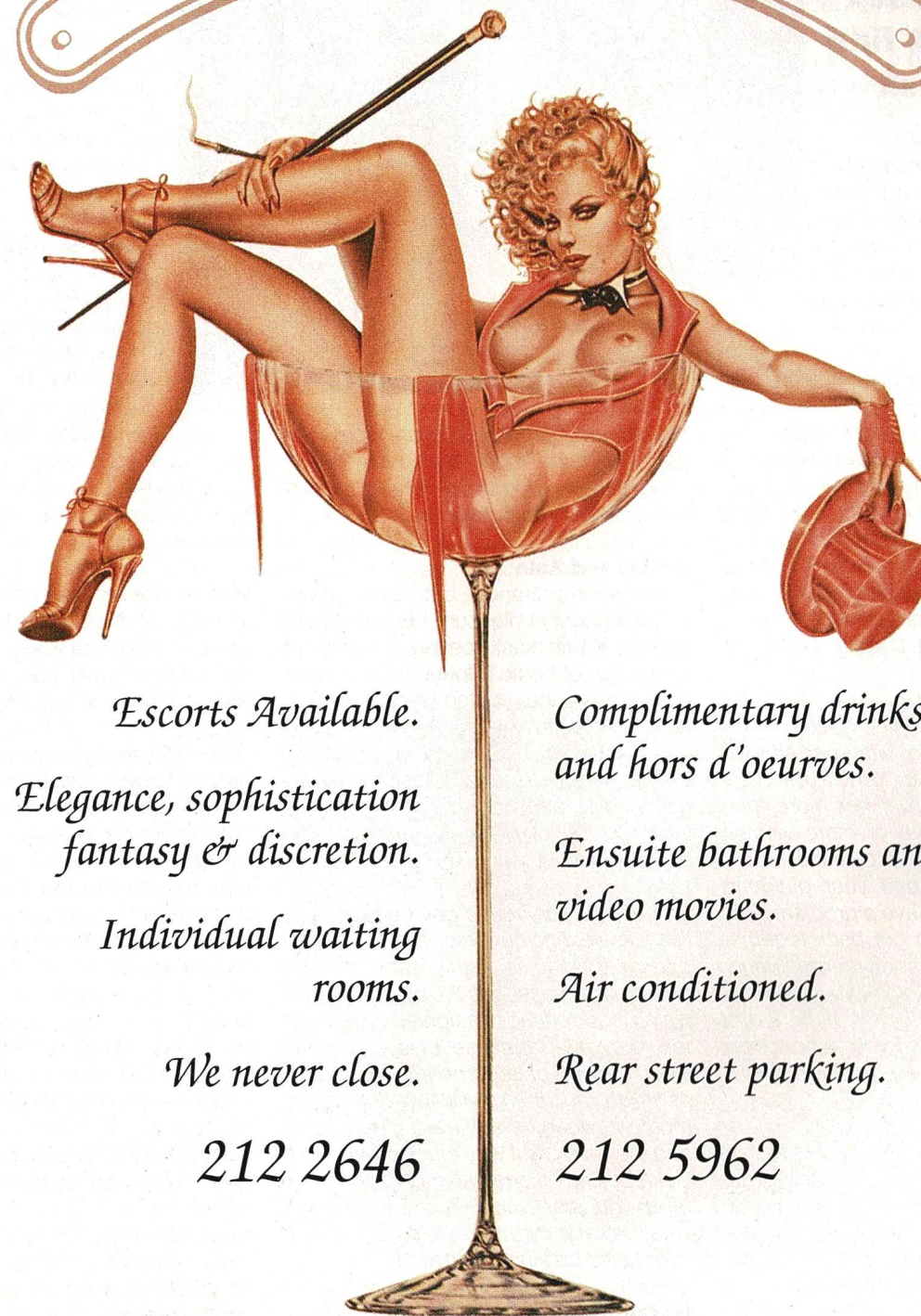
— C.J. Mackay



Sharon Stone and Michael Douglas go all the way in **Basic Instinct**.

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advisor

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On the prowl

I am a 23-year-old male and one month ago I had a threesome with two female friends. They both said they'd always wanted to try a threesome and I guess I was a good choice as I've been a close friend of theirs for years.

Here's the problem. Nowadays, I can't maintain an erection when I'm having sex with my girlfriend — who was not one of the girls in the threesome — without thinking about two girls together. When masturbating, I can only achieve an orgasm if I relive that evening in my mind. What makes it worse is that the two girls refuse to do it again, saying it was an experiment and shouldn't be repeated. Should I see a shrink, or what?

You can see a shrink if you want to. But it may have more to do with your attitude towards your girlfriend. You're obviously enjoying sex away from her more than with her. Whether one or more women was involved doesn't matter. If the experience was exciting, and your girlfriend isn't, then voila, you have a problem. Further, you still want to get back together with the two girls, without your girlfriend. Why not involve her, too? If you are starting to have to prowl further afield to get your sexual kicks, then you need to ask yourself why you have a girlfriend at all.

Hot air

I've got an embarrassing problem that won't go away. I fart a lot. I'm going out with this chick whose pretty swisho — she's from the city. I know I can't drop a grumbler when I'm around her but it hurts to hold them in. How can I stop it?

Farting — flatulence — is related to diet. You might want to consult a GP to find out if your diet can be improved to eliminate the problem. If you eat a lot of beans and onions, they'll exacerbate the problem. If

you have to, remove yourself from your girlfriend (duck behind the stairs or something) and let rip in private. And whatever you do, don't fart in bed.

Clouds and Rain

It may sound strange, but I gain an extreme amount of pleasure from anal penetration. When masturbating, I usually get some type of bottle (I found the old Coke bottles are good), oil the little bugger up and masturbate as I insert the thing up my arse. Although I have no desire to be fucked by a man, when I tried to get my girlfriend to participate in this ritual she accused me of being a "poofier" and stormed out. Help.

It doesn't mean you're gay because you like stimulating your arse. The skin in that particular zone is highly sensitive and penetration massages the prostate gland which is supposed to heighten orgasm. In their heyday Japanese geisha used to insert a string of large beads up the arse of a client, and then pull it out at the crucial moment, when he achieved "the Clouds and the Rain." But why muck around with Coke bottles? If one had a chip which fell off up your arse, you'd be in real trouble. A small vibrator might be a better idea, and might also be kind of exciting.

Mr Caution

A couple of months ago, my doctor told me I should examine any girl I was about to go down on with a flashlight to check for disease. I can't seem to convince girls to let me do this. What should I do?

Talk about a libido killer. Most women I know would kick a bloke's nuts in if he made such a suggestion. And fair enough too. Think of the equivalent: "Just hang on to your hard-on while I take a quick blood test, honey." How would you feel? If you want to go down and you're worried about catching something, use Gladwrap.

Rash gesture

My lover and I both get turned on by my pubic area being clean-shaven. To keep the hair from growing I must shave every day. The problem is that I have detected red lumps around the follicles. What's more, my lower abdomen really stings. I need to know if there is a way to keep the lumps from occurring. Also, will this stinging eventually stop?

Many people, like your lover, find a smooth, shaved vulva irresistible and erotic. Unfortunately, the symptoms you describe suggest that shaving irritates you and that you should discontinue the practice.

The "bumps" you are experiencing are probably hair follicle infections. These are difficult to eliminate. The stinging you feel, like the bumps, is a sign that your skin is being irritated. The solution, unfortunately, is to stop shaving. Depilatory cream might do the trick instead, but be careful with it. If you insist on shaving, consult a dermatologist.

Ice

My husband and I recently saw an erotic video. In one scene a woman dropped ice all over the man and the expression on his face was ecstatic. I wondered what the purpose of the ice was. Can ice feel good? What exactly does it do?

It introduces a different sensation, I would say. Perhaps it cools down lovers who are so overheated they've gone into the red zone. Some things turn some people on, others don't. Why don't you try it and see for yourself?

In ribbons

I have heard about a technique for delay-

ing orgasm and I would like to know if this is a safe medical practice. Some time ago, I read about a tribal custom in which a ribbon, or rope, is tied around the base of the erect cock before having an orgasm. According to the article, this stopped ejaculation. I assume the semen is harmlessly reabsorbed into the body. Have you heard of such a custom? And is it safe?

I cannot say for certain what "custom" you are referring to. But perhaps you are referring to the equivalent of the "squeeze technique." This is used as a delaying manoeuvre when a man is concerned about premature orgasm. When executed correctly, the technique causes the erection to subside temporarily, but it certainly doesn't stop ejaculation at orgasm. Something which did stop ejaculation would probably hurt a lot.

Drought

My problem is very simple. My fiancée refuses to have sex with me. We used to fuck all the time, we fucked in the car, in the pool, in the lounge, in the yard — everywhere. But as soon as I asked her to marry me she decided we wouldn't have sex again until we were married. No matter what I say to her, no matter how much I plead, she says she doesn't want to fuck me again until the wedding night. I have tried to reason with her, but she literally closes up. Can you help me marshal an argument so I can dip my very dry wick?

Is she holding out because of some misplaced idea of romanticism? Or does she feel guilty for having had sex outside wedlock in the first place, and is trying to make up for it? What happens if she decides to maintain her non-fuck stance after marriage? Doesn't she want to have sex with you? Does she like having sex at all? What a weird situation. Certainly, it's a sign that this woman sees the withholding of sex as a way to manipulate and control you, and she's quite likely to use it whenever the occasion arises, married or not. Your wick could be in for a long drought.

The sort of argument I would attempt under these circumstances is to say that sex is a valid and necessary form of expression of your love for her, and if she doesn't want you to express your love for her, why has she agreed to marry you?

Ask her why she feels she has the right to subvert your relationship to match some idea in her own head. Relationships — and especially marriage — are supposed to be a matter of mutuality.

Beyond all that, I suppose it depends how badly you want to marry her, and whether you are prepared to be controlled in this way.

Statistics

Is it true that black guys have bigger cocks? And Asians have smaller ones? I mean, can you dispel or confirm the rumor once and for all. And if it is true, what study has been done?

Masters and Johnson did a survey a few years back to determine the answer to this very prickly question. The results were suppressed because it was felt they would cause an uproar. There is only one way to confirm the rumour once and for all, and that is to conduct your own survey. Don't forget your condoms.

Wolf girl

I have a problem. Well, most of my mates reckon it's a bit of a laugh but it's no joke

As we got naked and things became more passionate, she started yelling like she was possessed. She was digging her long fingernails into my scalp and shouting things like "Jesus fucking Christ!" at the top of her lungs while we grappled at the end of the backyard by the swimming pool. In those days I lived with my very Christian family in a snooty New Zealand suburb, and I was terrified with the noise Gail was making. But she's a good-looking, sexy girl and before I knew what I was doing, we were rooting on the wooden decking around the pool and Gail was actually screaming — not like from behind closed doors in the movies, but a really terrifying wolf-howl, right there in the middle of suburbia.

Now I know girls get excited during sex and "forget" themselves, but since that first fuck, she's got even crazier and louder during sex. The other night when I dropped her home I got to rubbing her boobs as we kissed goodnight. The next thing I know, she lets out the wolf-howl in this quiet, leafy street. Is this normal? And if it isn't, how do I stop her being so loud before someone calls the police with a report of rape?



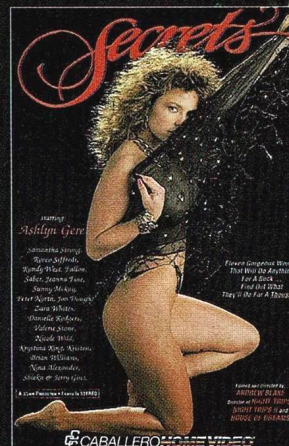
for me. You see, my 24-year-old girlfriend is what some blokes call a "screamer." The first time we screwed she made loud panting and groaning noises only a few seconds after starting our initial kiss. Girls have always said I'm a good kisser, but Gail's reaction came as a real surprise.

Give her something to suck. Or, if anybody inquires as to what you might be doing with your girlfriend, tell her to keep howling. Then start growling and snarling fit to bust. Any curious onlookers will get out of there chop-chop and you will be free to continue in peace. O—

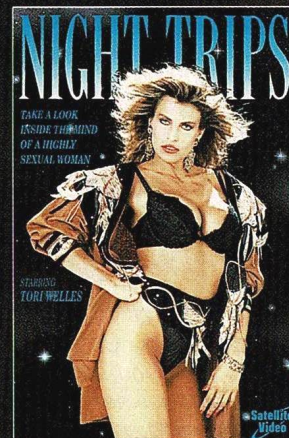
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PHOTOGRAPHY BY JOHN HARROLL

old fashioned passion

"Call me old fashioned," says 24-year-old Lauren, "but there's one thing I don't like
in a man, and that's bad manners." The gorgeous barmaid says she's well used to
bad-mannered drunks and says they're the "ultimate turn-off."



"Some women think a rude man is sexy — but not me!" The softly-spoken Lauren is a part-time uni student and says she may be a liberated female, but she is always impressed by a gentleman.



"My father was a polite, funny and charming man and I've decided that the special man in my life will have to live up to his standard. Life's too short to waste on rude people," says the green-eyed blonde with the 36-25-36 curves.





K A N T O R' S

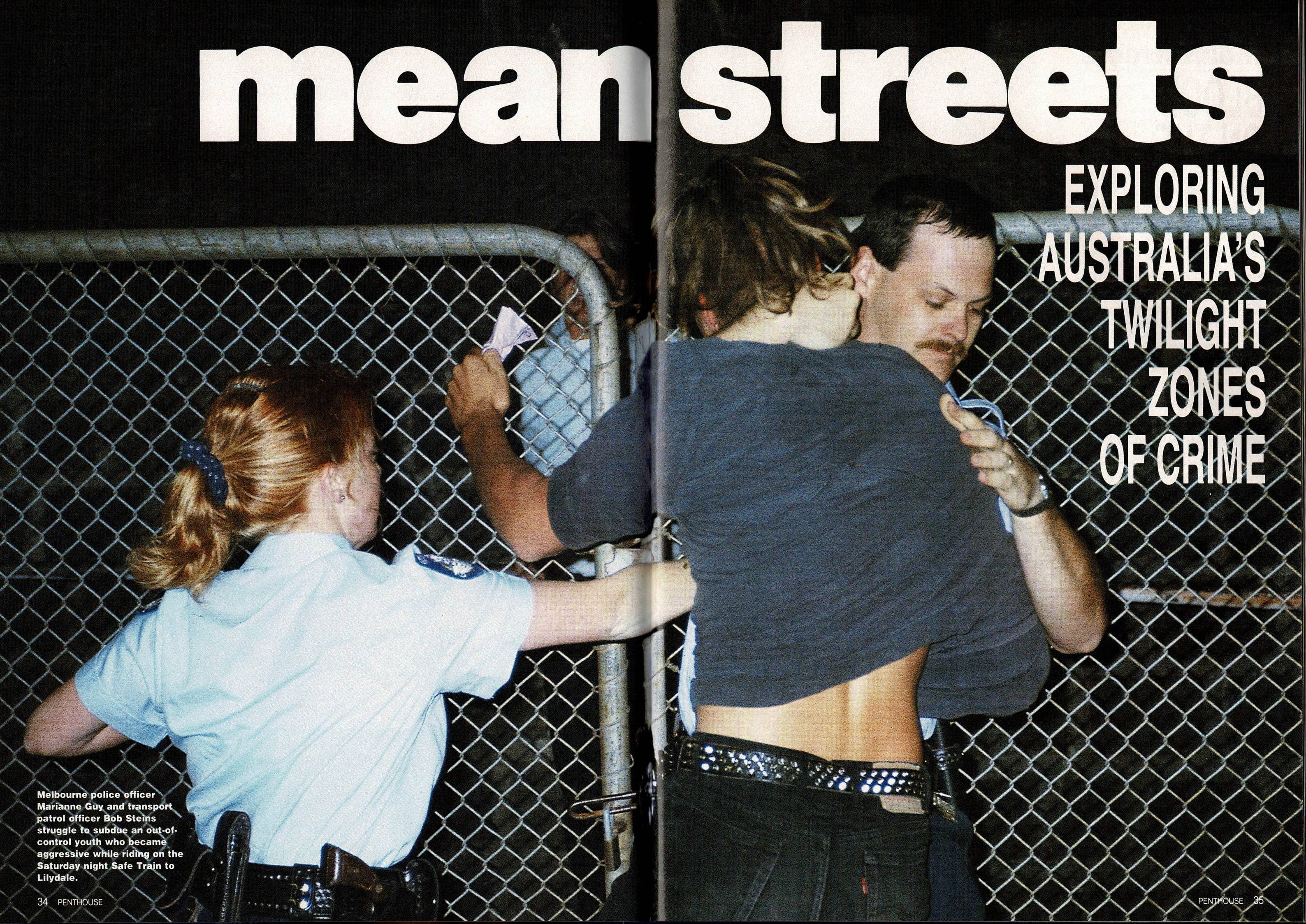


CELEBRITY SKINS

Pixie-Anne Wheatley

mean streets

EXPLORING
AUSTRALIA'S
TWILIGHT
ZONES
OF CRIME



Melbourne police officer Marianne Guy and transport patrol officer Bob Steins struggle to subdue an out-of-control youth who became aggressive while riding on the Saturday night Safe Train to Lilydale.

mean streets

BLOOD ON THE MELBOURNE TRACKS

BY STEVE LEVITT

Hheavy shit goes down in the so-called conservative heart of Melbourne. A woman gets dragged out of an inner suburban nightclub, is raped and has her legs broken when she is thrown over the fence — only to be raped again by the next opportunist who finds her.

But for concentrated fear you have to take a train ride from the inner city to the outer suburbs where gangs of youths move in large numbers and the pack instinct is the dominant human emotion.

In the past few months the inhabitants of Melbourne have had the dangers of train travel tossed up to them in black-and-white headlines such as "Clamp on brawlers", followed by the story of an organised rumble which left several youths with stab wounds. More than 100 teenage males from rival schools armed with knives, baseball bats, machetes and iron bars turned the northern suburbs railway station of Preston into a bloody battlefield.

Four days earlier a 40-strong crowd of youths, returning from a music event at Albert Park Lake, turned on three transit policemen who were making an arrest at the eastern suburban station of Mitchem. One of the crowd, 17-year-old Mathew Baker, stole a baton from a police officer. The cop stepped back and drew his gun.

The next day the *Herald Sun* newspaper ran a front-page photograph of the incident along with the headline: "Train Travellers' Moment of Terror." But the photo of the young and obviously terrified policeman — gun drawn, finger on the trigger — did not provoke a civil-rights outrage among the conservative Melbourne population.

When nighttime falls on Australia's second largest city, its railway platforms become traps where predators can stalk their prey in relative safety. The very structure of trains and



After the station tussle, the end of Saturday night for the offender.

platforms work in favor of the hunters, leaving the hunted cut off from the surrounding urban environment where their screaming might have saved them.

The small army whose job it is to guard the trains has drawn its share of controversy. The 300 transit police, or "Zits" as they are known among the gangs, have a reputation for toughness. The patrols comprise Victorian police and transit patrol officers. The transit patrol are railway employees who have police powers while on Public Transport Corporation property.

"The very structure of trains and platforms work in favor of the hunters, leaving the hunted cut off from the urban environment ..."

Although the "Zits" get more complaints against them than any other Victorian police group, they are also the ones who have most one-on-one contact with the public. Last year 10,523 offenders were charged by the "Zits", including 395 assaults.

Senior Sergeant Mick Norris admits crime is high among the youth who use the trains. "In the past two weeks we have charged 35 offenders for 906

offences. You never know when something is going to happen."

Ten o'clock on a Saturday night and the last train patrol for the evening, a group of three officers, hits the tracks. Petite, red-headed Constable Marianne Guy is just 22 years old and her small frame is not designed to engender fear. Her partners, fellow Victorian police officer 31-year-old Wayne McArthur, and transport patrol officer 28-year-old Bob Steins, on the other hand, look like they were born for the job. Their assignment is to guard the Safe Train to its Lilydale destination. The Lilydale line, which weaves for 40km through

the middle-class eastern suburbs, is considered the roughest route.

The patrol begins at Flinders Street Station, a towering Victorian edifice which draws losers like a magnet. The tribal markings of the gang cultures turn the platforms into a kind of human zoo. Gathered in hostile knots on the platforms are neo-Nazi skinheads wearing tight black jeans, steel-capped boots and torn T-shirts. These are the

representatives of white Anglo sub-culture.

Unfortunately for them they are heavily outnumbered by ethnic gangs, or "posses", as they like to call themselves. These are the groups of youths who respond to the American Hip-Hop culture, wearing baggy pants and loose jackets and greeting one another with the High Five.

Pacific Islanders in slick suits and flat-topped haircuts, as smooth as sharks, glide down the platform past a group of Lebanese Tigers who prefer high-cut T-shirts which show their bulging muscles.

Bob Steins explains: "Fighting is the way gang members gain respect. The excuse for a rumble can be as simple as one group defacing another group's graffiti."

At 11pm the Safe Train pulls out from Flinders Street Station. Only three carriages are operating. The passengers are generally young and worse for wear. Provocatively dressed teenage girls practise French kissing with acne-faced boys. Two middle-aged drunks with prison builds, complete with tattooed necks and knuckles, sit themselves opposite three 14-year-old girls and leer at them. The girls glance up frequently at the police.

The Safe Train is the idea of residents who tired of their children returning home beaten-up or robbed. The train has a live band in one carriage and always has a police detail assigned to it. A police wagon shadows the train on its hour-long journey through the 'burbs.

Near Heatherdale Station, Guy asks a tall, well-built youth with wild hair and a bad attitude to take his feet of the chairs. The youth refuses, becomes abusive and seeks the support of the mostly young, mostly drunk, carriage. Within five minutes the three officers are in a wild scrap on Heatherdale Station.

Guy is swung like a terrier from a flailing, muscular arm as she and Stein attempt to handcuff the kid without having to resort to beating his brains out. It takes every inch of Stein's six-foot, 14-stone frame to subdue the youth before Guy can snap the cuffs on. Wayne handcuffs another teenager who tries to join the fight, and dissuades several other young heroes from joining in. The guns remain holstered, but it has been a close thing.

The violence was unexpected, vicious and futile — an explosion of post-pubescent indignation. Once subdued, the wild animals of a few minutes earlier become tame teenagers who will walk out of the courts with a warning and continue to ride the trains for the next three years.

SYDNEY'S WILD FRONTIER

BY JOE MOSS

Eveleigh Street is, without doubt, the worst in Sydney. It's a small strip of the city which attracts more controversy and newspaper headlines than any other piece of similar-sized real estate in town.

This street, the setting for the ABC's *Cop It Sweet* police documentary, is home to a large bunch of Aborigines who live in run-down housing-commission terraces. It lies in the shadow of the gaunt TNT towers in the heart of the industrial suburb of Redfern. It is bordered on one side by the main railway line, down which rumbles all rail traffic to Sydney Central. The walls of the homes lining the sidewalk are scarred with graffiti and the roadway is littered with rocks, glass and refuse.



Eveleigh Street by day ... by night it is much less benign.

Vacant lots exist where burned-out ruins have been demolished.

At night most Redfern streets are deserted. Shop fronts are boarded with steel shutters and bars. A lonely police car patrols slowly past Redfern Station as commuters hurry by, heads down. But while the rest of the suburb goes into hiding, Eveleigh street locals begin to move about.

A taxi cruises by searching for a fare. Two young boys break from cover and hurl half a brick each, smashing the cabbie's rear window, before scurrying back to their friends. The cab squeals to a halt and the driver surveys the damage. Then he notices two cops watching him from nearby.

"What are you going to do about it?" the cabbie yells in anger.

"What do you expect us to do?" the young constable asks as he shrugs his shoulders. "Just go to the station and report it."

The cop knows where the battle lines are drawn. He knows only someone looking for more trouble than he could handle would dare to chase anyone down into The County (a nickname given by the Redfern Police). The last cop who did found himself knocked to the ground and nearly kicked to death by a gang of thugs. He managed to save his life by pulling his gun and firing a shot into the air before he lapsed into unconsciousness.

The influence of this street carries far beyond its borders. Paranoia is rife. Heavy bars cover every door and window of the surrounding neighborhood and steel shutters guard the nearby businesses — although few of Eveleigh Street's residents seem to feel the same need for

security. Many Redfernians like to be off the streets after dark, as to be out and about can be detrimental to one's health. Just recently another victim was found on a street corner close to the railway station. He was bashed so badly that he now lies comatose in a hospital.

Violence is just one nasty streak for which Eveleigh Street is well known, with robbery following a close second. The

mean streets

main reason for the growth of security systems has been the large numbers of break-ins that occur. Security has become an obsession for many locals who sit in their tiny, fortified castles, protected by hardened steel and locks. Even the smallest window has to be covered, and not only on the ground floors. Second-floor windows and balcony doors must be secured too, since drainpipes are handy climbing ladders.

In New York they say if a taxi driver won't take you somewhere, then you didn't want to go there in the first place. Sydney's cabbies give a similar insight into the Eveleigh Street area after dark — they won't go near it.

"Don't you love it," says a Taxis Combined driver, Bruce. "You drive down there and you feel that you've arrived on the streets of Calcutta. It's a full-on ghetto. And any old hand will tell you that if you're ever foolish enough to take a fare down there, particularly after dark, it's almost a certainty that you'll be robbed or stoned."

Sydney's cabbies have good reason to avoid the Eveleigh Street neighborhood. While there is always friction between local cops and the street inhabitants, it was a cab that instigated one of the biggest confrontations there yet.

When a taxi was rolled and set on fire, responding police officers were attacked. The cops managed to fight their way out after having to leave their vehicles in the street. One policeman was later commended for covering his partner's body with his own as house bricks smashed through the windscreen. Reinforcements were called in and the Tactical Response Group (TRG) dressed in full riot gear with dozens of other police, stormed the street. They made successive baton charges against the local Aborigines who were tightly packed and armed with clubs and stones.

The huge melee resembled battles from the Middle Ages. Half-bricks rained down on the police's unprotected rear ranks, with one cop receiving a badly fractured skull from a direct hit.

Incidents like these have left their mark on the relations between the two groups. When police obtained search warrants for nine houses within The County in 1990, 40 heavily armed TRG police were deployed, backed up by 100 more dressed in riot gear. The expected riot never took place, but the ensuing outcry from politicians and interest groups, calling for charges to be laid by the Ombudsman, saw a subsequent low-profile line taken by the local cops.

It is just the type of controversy and drama that the street has become known for. A violent little world that is known as Eveleigh Street — a wild frontier in the middle of Australia's largest city.



Police inspect the scene of the Boxing Day horror smash in which Margaret Blurton and her baby son died.

Photo by West Australian News P/Ltd

PERTH'S BLUE HIGHWAY

BY TOM MORGAN

Sirens howl like dingos in the night, blue lights flash and hot engines snarl in a battle to the death. This is Mean Street, Perth, 1992. The most dangerous road in this city of a million people is 41 kilometres long — the length of the freeway system.

Drug- and drink-crazed kids in stolen Porsches and Commodores use it as their playground, daring police to catch them in a nightmare game of tag. The two sides in this deadly game slug it out at speeds of 200km/h with oblivion just seconds away.

The thrill is worth it, say these car-thief kids who hold life cheap — their own included. Because the only way they can escape their pursuers is by taking to the wrong side of the road at chilling speeds into oncoming traffic! Only then will police call off their chase, but sometimes it is too late.

Already a dozen people have died in police pursuits on Perth's highways.

Four of them were Aboriginal passengers in a stolen car. One of the dead was a 12-year-old girl.

The car thieves are mostly black, unemployed and without hope. They are teenage outlaws trapped in a vicious spiral of unemployment, poverty, crime and punishment. Now many of them are doomed to long jail terms under heavy new laws just passed by the WA Government. The laws allow for mandatory 18-month sentences and possible indefinite jail terms for serious repeat offenders in the thrill-ride game of death.

The new laws could put Australia in breach of International Human Rights treaty obligations, but West Australians seem not to give a proverbial shit. Neither does the WA Government, which is sticking to its hard line on the thrill riders. The harsh laws come after a plague of high-speed road deaths and an accompanying media blitz.

One Perth radio station even organised a "Rally for Justice" outside Parliament House. Twenty-thousand people turned up to demand tough penalties for car thieves. Many demanded the thieves be hanged. One bloke brought his own noose, posing cheerfully for the TV cameras.

"Hang killer car thieves," says graffiti on the front of the Aboriginal Medical Service Building in Perth. The cry is echoed around the bars as well as the richer suburbs of this frontier city — it's a Perth solution to a Perth problem.

Visitors to Perth could be shocked by the seemingly open racism in the outcry against the killer car thieves. And although the Government denies that the new laws are racist and says they are aimed at a small group of around 40 youths, WA Premier Dr Carmen Lawrence admits that more than half those targeted by the laws are Aboriginal. The Aboriginal Legal

Service and even the WA Law Society say the figure is more like 400.

But the figures tell their own story. Already 64 percent of the inmates of juvenile detention centres in the West are Aboriginal teenagers — this alarming figure from an ethnic minority that numbers just two percent of the WA population. All the same, not all the car thieves are black. Mark Joseph McKenna, 18, was high on Ecstasy and amphetamines when he drove a stolen car at 150km/h through crowded suburban streets one Friday afternoon with police in pursuit. The chase roared through a series of stop signs before McKenna's car became airborne. It collided with an oncoming vehicle and a cyclist, Adriana Rossi — a 27-year-old nurse. She was pitched 20m into a parked vehicle and died instantly.

McKenna was sentenced to eight years' jail; he would have been given a heavier sentence except for his youth, the judge said. McKenna already had 56 convictions for driving offences and burglary. He had started stealing cars for fun and regarded police pursuits as a game.

Many of Perth's young death drivers have worse police records. An innocent motorist, Leith Doohan — a 31-year-old mother of two — was killed outright in a collision with a car driven by a black youth. The youth was drunk and driving on the wrong side of the road without lights. He already had 120 convictions and a lifetime driving ban. He was just 14 years old. He was given an 18-month sentence.

Another 14-year-old Aboriginal male was at the wheel of the stolen

Commodore that caused a horror smash on Boxing Day 1991. Margaret Blurton, 23, who was pregnant, and her baby boy, were both killed. Grieving widower and father Peter Blurton became a symbol of community outrage over the senseless death. Ten-thousand people mourned with him at a candlelight vigil the night before he buried his family. The car thief got 12 months' detention after pleading guilty to 26 counts relating to the fatal collision.

The WA Government admitted that this tragedy was a major catalyst for its draconian new dangerous-driving laws. The Government makes no excuses for the fact that the laws aim to remove offenders from society rather than rehabilitate them.

Sheldon Chad was 13 when he died in a stolen Commodore that hit a lamp post at 160km/h during a police chase. The driver was only 16 — he was charged with unlawful killing. The dead boy's mother, Josephine Coyne, made a passionate appeal for police to call off high-speed chases for the sake of public safety. Police were pushing car thieves to dangerous speeds by chasing them, she said.

But the WA police force won't budge. It is determined to maintain high-speed pursuits of stolen cars. With the full support of a Government running up to an election on a law-and-order platform, the police stand is simple, powerful and non-negotiable. To stop high-speed chases of stolen cars now would be surrendering the streets of Perth to criminals. And that could never be a Perth solution to a Perth problem.



Photo by John Elliot

BRISBANE'S VALLEY OF DEATH

BY DAVID BENTLEY

Fortitude Valley is a joyless Skid Row and home of Brisbane's meanest streets. The Valley is also home to Brisbane's Chinatown, the city's red-light district and the rotting carcass of the late Sun newspaper's building.

Friday is the big night in the Valley. Sunset Strip's dismal red light winks into

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IN THE FAST LANE



PHOTOGRAPHY BY HANK LONDONER

No doubt about it — Anita Durant is all woman. But the 25-year-old legal secretary with a Private Investigator's licence admits to having a good dose of tomboy in that 38-24-36 body.





"I put it down to being the only girl in a family of six children. I was brought up on a diet of football, beer and V8 engines," says the blonde beauty who still works on her own car and prefers to drink at bars rather than in cocktail lounges.



Anita gained her Private Investigator's licence several years ago and spent a short time doing detective work before she tired of the hours. "I learned the importance of looking feminine even though I felt like a tomboy — I could get information from men that male investigators never could," she says with a sly smile.



Why Coffs Harbour's
happy hooker loves
her job

angel of passion

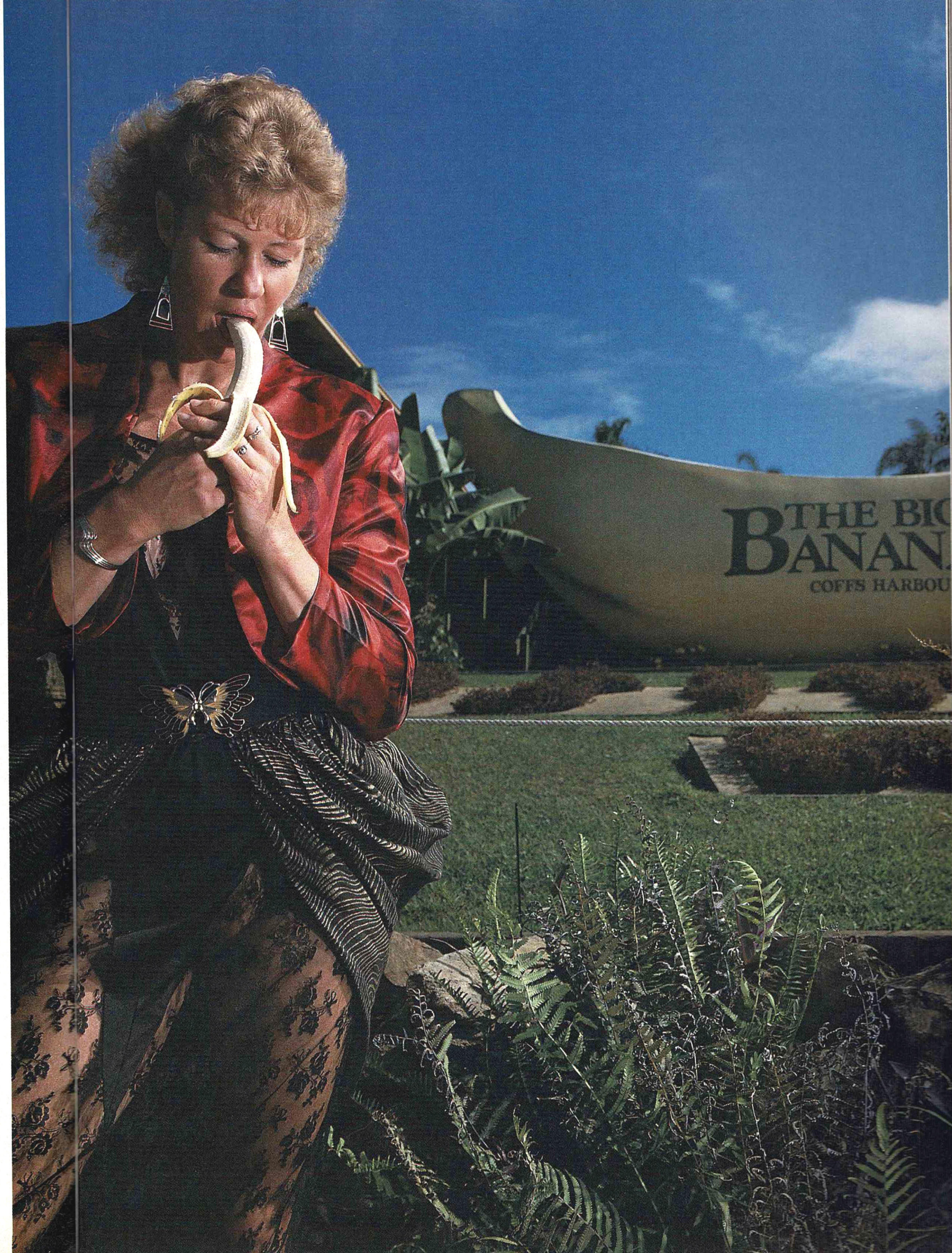
In the New South Wales coastal resort town of Coffs Harbour this notice appears every now and then in the local rag: "The angel of passion is back and needs her men." When it happens in this conservative, National Party hotbed, dicks stand up and fingers go to the phone.

Hundreds of Coffs Harbour men know Angel. Literally, biblically and often. For three or four years she was able to work more or less clandestinely — she was in town but no-one really saw her. Only friends and paying customers got to know her. To the rest of the town, she was there but she wasn't there.

Well, that's all over now. Everyone knows Angel in Coffs Harbour these days. To pretend they don't is to admit total ignorance of what's going on in town and it's almost impossible not to know. In Coffs Harbour the majority of residents hold honorary degrees in rumor and innuendo and have graduated in character assassination by corres-

BY GRAHAM BICKNELL

PHOTOGRAPHY BY STUART SPENCE



angel of passion

pondence. Yes, it's that sort of place.

So the sudden emergence of Angel, the spreading of her wings into Coffs' parochially smug and rather sad society, has come as something of a swift bracer. Two incidents have brought this about: Angel's voluntary vigil seven metres up a tripod in protest against an ocean outfall and a disastrous meeting of the Mongrels Club.

It was a bit of a shock for some of the people protesting against the proposed ocean outfall at Emerald Beach north of Coffs Harbour to find a hooker up a tripod. But nobody complained. Everyone was pissed off when she was eventually arrested after eight hours aloft and charged with indecent exposure. True she wasn't wearing any underwear beneath her dress, she never does, but she thought the cop a bit severe; the best he saw was a flash of thigh.

Although Angel's aim was to stop the outfall, her actions did something for her as a member of the community. People who had never before in their lives come into contact with a working girl suddenly



knew one. And what's more, she had thoughts and feelings just like they did.

That made her an identifiable person. The meeting of the Mongrels Club which was busted by the rozzers made Angel notorious. These days there are wives in Coffs Harbour looking sideways at their husbands. All bets on fidelity are now off, the self-proclaimed capital of the holiday coast has its share of naughty boys and unquestionably, everybody knows it.

The Mongrels are a loose-knit team of blokes in the town who have their fingers in most of the business pies and who get together every now and then to eat, drink large amounts of alcohol, do deals, say nothing deep and meaningful, bullshit to each other and in this case, get their dicks sucked.

Therefore, it was all very embarrassing

when a contingent of Coffs Harbour police burst into a restaurant in the heart of town, to find all these gentlemen being given lessons by a naked woman in how to put on a condom with the teeth.

Angel had her bare arse in the air at the time, bending over a table edge to dentally apply protection to a well-known fellow's wedding tackle. The cops had not come unarmed, they had a video camera and inadvertently, Angel mooned into the lens.

Even she knew it was a fair cop. Not so fair was the fact that she was charged and so was the bloke who organised the bash, but no-one else. And they charged Angel with using a licensed premises for prostitution. Hell, she didn't do that, all she did was give some head. There would have been live sex on stage with one of the blokes a bit later, true enough, but the cops ruined that. Copper's coitus interruptus, presumably.

Angel is not happy, not at all happy about being left to carry the can. But she won't fink on the men who were there. Angel doesn't kiss and tell; she doesn't suck and tell, either. That's why she's successful. That's why she is the only happy hooker Coffs Harbour has got.

She intends keeping it that way. While the name of every man at the Mongrels Club lunch is known and bandied around the town (and a lot more named who weren't there), Angel is saying nothing. Drug-addicted hookers working the streets may or may not have ethics, but private social escorts working alone in country towns have to have them. Or else they don't eat and their children don't get fed.

(He kept saying: "I can't believe how good this feels. How come it's never felt this good before?" He offered me compliments, money, drugs, dinner and good sex. But I still left on time). — diary extract

Angel is better known in Coffs Harbour

as BJ. They're the initials of her real name and also her nickname. You wouldn't pick her as a working girl though. You just wouldn't.

She's blonde, slim, attractive and 35. But she's also a mother of four boys, a permaculturist, a breeder of German shepherds and a rabid greenie. She's bright and articulate, tough and determined. She'd fit in anywhere, really, and unless she told you what she did, it's doubtful you'd ever know.

There is one other point, though, which does set her apart. BJ is permanently horny. This woman really loves fucking. She gets paid for it, she can rarely get enough of it, she loves men and this is why Coffs Harbour men keep coming back and keep coming, so to speak.

BJ thinks she has an extra hormone which will explain this insatiable urge. It's impossible to estimate just how many men (and lately women) there have been since she went into business five years ago. But she hands me one of five diaries to peruse to give me an idea. Jesus Christ! If you think you've led a sexually active life, think again. You are not in the race. Believe it.

We sat and talked for a long time in the small house she built for herself and the two sons who live with her on acreage outside Coffs. It was a strange conversation. BJ, or Angel if you like, is a rarity in the Australia of 1992. You'd have to assume that her absolute honesty about what she does and her certainty about where her priorities and morals lie are at least some of the reasons men pay to be with her. And to have her.

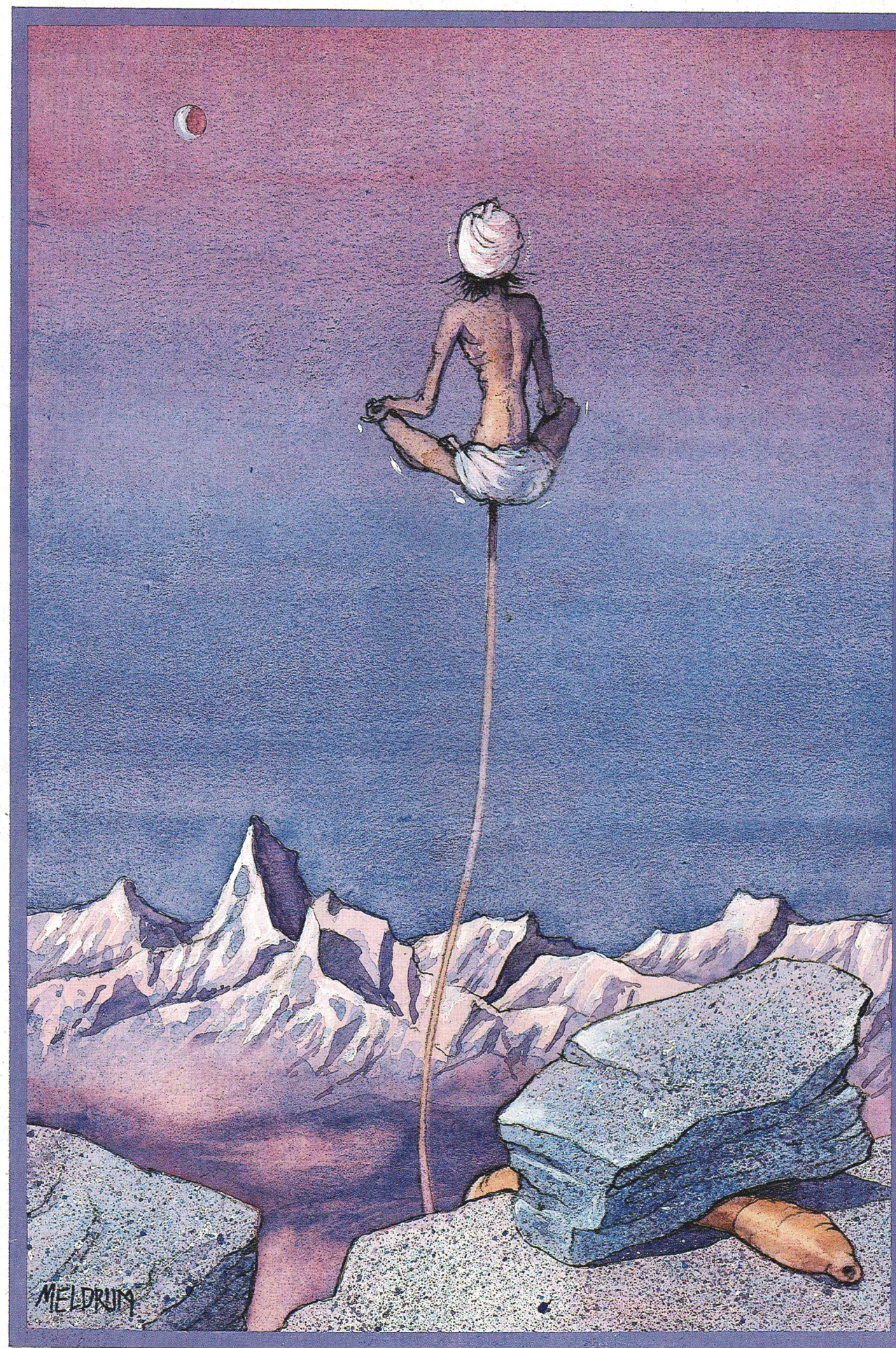
It is certainly the reason why she is suddenly the *numero uno* personality in the area. Now that every woman knows who she is, you just have to mention in the hearing of a few females in the town that you've talked with Angel and there's an instant captive audience. I mentioned it to a handful of women and they all sat there spellbound with their mouths open, waiting for titbits of salaciousness.

(Spoilt again by my sweet old fossil of 85. I've met 20-year-olds who can't get it up as well as this guy). — diary extract

Like most working girls, Angel got into the business because she had to. Married with four kids, including twins aged 14 months at the time, she was living at Warragamba with her railway worker husband who was on holidays back in the mid-Eighties when they ran out of money. Simple as that. They had \$200 to stretch over six weeks of vacation and four kids. That's no equation, it won't go.

"I was in the laundry at the time and I just said: 'Read the paper and see if you can find a part-time job for either one of us.' I came in with a bundle of washing

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SEND LAWYERS, GUNS AND MONEY

BY PHIL TRIPP

Once, music came from musicians who sang and played instruments, cut records, toured around the country and hopefully lived to enjoy the fruits of their copyrights. In the Nineties, however, all that has changed. Now the music business is run by accountants and lawyers working with multinational recording companies, slick managers, shrewd agents and of course, the musicians.

Once, too, fame came from songs, performances and the art of music. But now it seems that each time an artist is ready to release product, a wave of headlines hits the print media and TV, preceding the music with tales of excess, arguments and, most likely, a lawsuit or three.

In the past year music fans have been given the whole treatment before releases by hard rockers Guns'n'Roses or hardcore rappers 2 Live Crew: stories of arrests, riots and legal wrangling. It's as though the bands' lawyers are acting as their publicists and press agents, concocting new ways to make their boys more infamous.

The Gunners' lead singer, Axl Rose, was accused of smashing a wine bottle over the head of a next-door neighbor on the home front. Then he was charged over the melee caused by his diving off a concert stage into a crowd to subdue a photographer. The band's manager was ousted — replaced by the tour manager who handled Axl's traumas or dramas — and launched an action for unfair dismissal.

When the band's recordings were released — actually two albums at once

WHEN ROCK
LEADS TO
ROBBERY IN
THE MUSIC
INDUSTRY

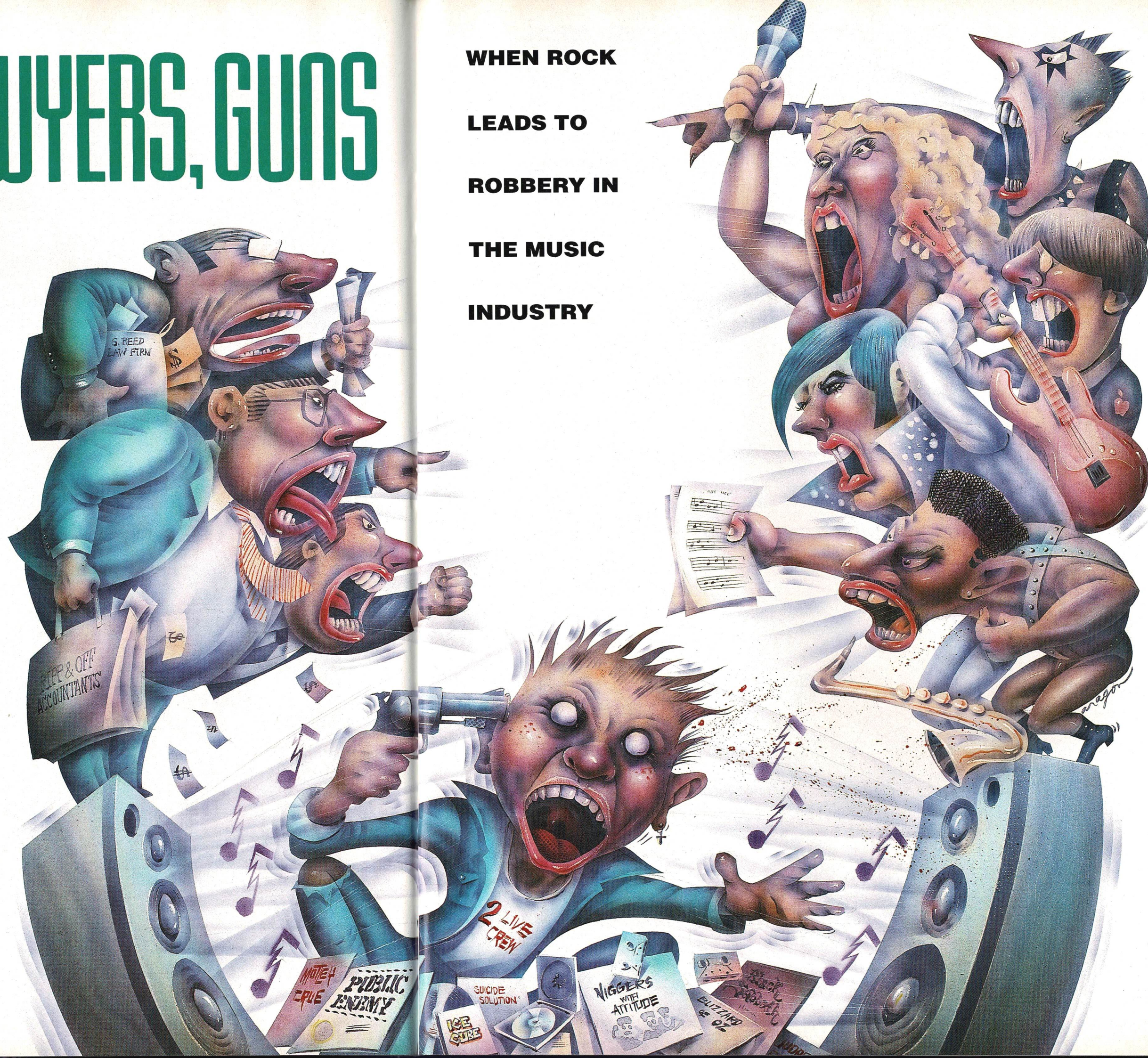


ILLUSTRATION BY ED ARAGON

GUNS AND MONEY

rather than a double album — they bore the telling titles of *Use Your Illusion* (Volumes One and Two). Advance orders alone shot them to Number One and Two in their debut week, with queues extending around the blocks of record stores around the world. The publicity generated by lawsuits and arrests had garnered unprecedented media coverage and resulted in unbelievable sales of albums that were generally panned by the critics.

2 Live Crew's aptly-titled album, *As Nasty As They Wanna Be*, not only caused the arrest of several retailers in different states in the US for selling the album either to minors or in breach of obscenity laws, their music also resulted in the cancellation of concerts and arrests of the principals for performing the tunes. Even a band called Too Much Joy, which covered their songs in Florida, 2 Live Crew's home state, was arrested for performing ditties from the dirty album, although they were later acquitted. The Crew released another version of the record with modified lyrics and titled: *As Clean As They Can Be*.

As the band bathed in the lights of television crews and had their every word recorded for the press during their fight against the moral majority, they released

another record. This one was touted to be a defence for free speech and all that is right with America, appealing to patriots — and also the prurient — with explicit lyrics once again.

It seems that in the arena of bizarre lawsuits, America has the propensity to produce the most extreme examples of legal abuse. Take the case of two Dodge City, Kansas, youths charged with murder for the random shooting of another youth: the defence attorneys alleged that their clients were "temporarily hypnotised" by the music of the rap group Geto Boys when they committed the crime. The two 16-year-olds pleaded temporary insanity, with their lawyers arguing that their actions were prompted by liquor and marijuana consumed to the beat of such songs as "Trigger Happy Nigger" and "Mind of a Lunatic." They later dropped the defence and made a deal with the prosecution.

Though rap musicians such as Niggers With Attitude, Bitches With Problems, Ice Cube and Public Enemy cop flak for their lyrics, which are claimed to incite violence, justify rape and espouse selling drugs, heavy metal bands have been assaulted by legions of lawyers claiming their lyrics are also inflammatory.

Both Judas Priest and former Black Sabbath lead singer Ozzy Osbourne fought lengthy battles over fans who committed suicide attributed to both lyrics and hidden messages in the music. The

families of two Nevada teenagers claimed that listening to Judas Priest's "recorded sounds, including suggestive lyrics accompanied by hypnotic rhythms and beat" caused the deaths of one youth and the attempted suicide of his friend. The six-week trial ended with the band cleared.

Osbourne was hit with three different actions surrounding his song "Suicide Solution." In 1984 a teenager spent six hours listening to three Osbourne albums before he went into his father's bedroom, still wearing the headphones, and shot himself with a pistol. His family filed a wrongful death action against CBS Records and Osbourne for an undisclosed amount. The case was thrown out.

In 1986 a Georgia teenager was found dead — of a self-inflicted gunshot wound — in the seat of his van. He owned a copy of the *Blizzard of Oz* album which includes "Suicide Solution." His family decided to sue the artist and record company, claiming that masked lyrics of "shoot, shoot, shoot" contributed to the youth's suicide.

Yet another youth in New Jersey was found in 1988 with a copy of Osbourne's live album in his coat pocket after he had killed himself behind a school. Though the \$9-million Georgia suit was thrown out of court, the New Jersey case has yet to be heard, even though the parents of the youth disagreed with the prosecutor who brought the case on the basis of the heavy metal connection.

Dead stars are the hardest to sue, but they often make more money posthumously than they ever accumulated standing up. Elvis is a classic example, with a plethora of legal actions fought each year over the use of his image, likeness, name or his right to be used on merchandise from T-shirts to teaspoons. One recent case shows the lengths to which the estate will go to protect Elvis' earnings.

When Presley died in 1977, only a few weeks before sold-out concerts in Tennessee and New York, many fans got a refund. But thousands decided to hang on to the tickets as a souvenir, memorabilia or an investment. In both states, the estate waited for the statutory six years in which ticket holders could demand a refund and then claimed the money belonged to the estate because even though Elvis had not even entered the building, the fans got their money's worth hanging on to the tickets. The New York amount was \$US86,000 (\$114,000) and the Memphis unrefunded amount was nearly the same.

It's not always easy to get a refund from a promoter or venue when an artist cancels or dies, but if the artist is still healthy and wealthy, the chances



"Really, Ms Pipkin — I wish you'd learn to respect my privacy!"



JUSTINE

Continued on page 96



For a girl about to take the corporate world by storm, 23-year-old Justine Adam says she has a lot to learn from Mother Nature. The gorgeous Piscean recently graduated as a lawyer and is looking for a high-flying business career, but she values the outdoor life as her greatest teacher.

PHOTOGRAPHY BY MICHAEL MOORE

THE GREAT OUTDOORS





"I think it's important to have a balance in life. Being part of your environment is just as desirable as being successful and earning a lot of money — even for presidents and Queens," the beautiful blonde says in her forthright manner.



"These settings were the most comfortable way to express myself in my first *Penthouse* assignment." And with Justine's looks and brains, no doubt she'll always be comfortable.



double DUTCH



**There's
something
special about
Holland's
home-grown
weed**

BY BAREND TOET

Most people assume that the large-scale production of marijuana is confined to those places with a suitable climate — the Middle East, Asia, Africa, the South Pacific, Central America and parts of the US. But a small European country — Holland — is producing vast quantities of a high-strength cannabis plant that is drawing dope connoisseurs from around the world.

Two decades of tolerant, soft-drugs policy in Holland have resulted in a semi-legal, purely Dutch marijuana economy. And its main currency is

Photos by F*Unlimited/Sjoerd & Floris



DUTCH

Dutch "skunk" — a potent form of sinsemilla grown under artificial light in thousands of small and secret plantations. This home-grown culture is big business, with tens of thousands of people involved in horticulture, distribution and retail. It's an industry with an annual turnover that could exceed \$A3.4 billion a year, but it doesn't feature in any statistics on the Dutch economy.

For years this Dutch skunk economy has peacefully co-existed with lenient policing, but the arrival of organised crime now threatens the survival of the industry.

"And what is that?" asks an eager tourist, pointing at a lush, golden-brown marijuana bud lying on the bar.

"Skunk," answers the coffee-shop

owner. "Home-grown in Holland, very good, smooth and strong. . ."

The young man buys a small plastic bag full of grass and huddles together with his friends at one of the tables to roll a joint, which they smoke with apparent curiosity.

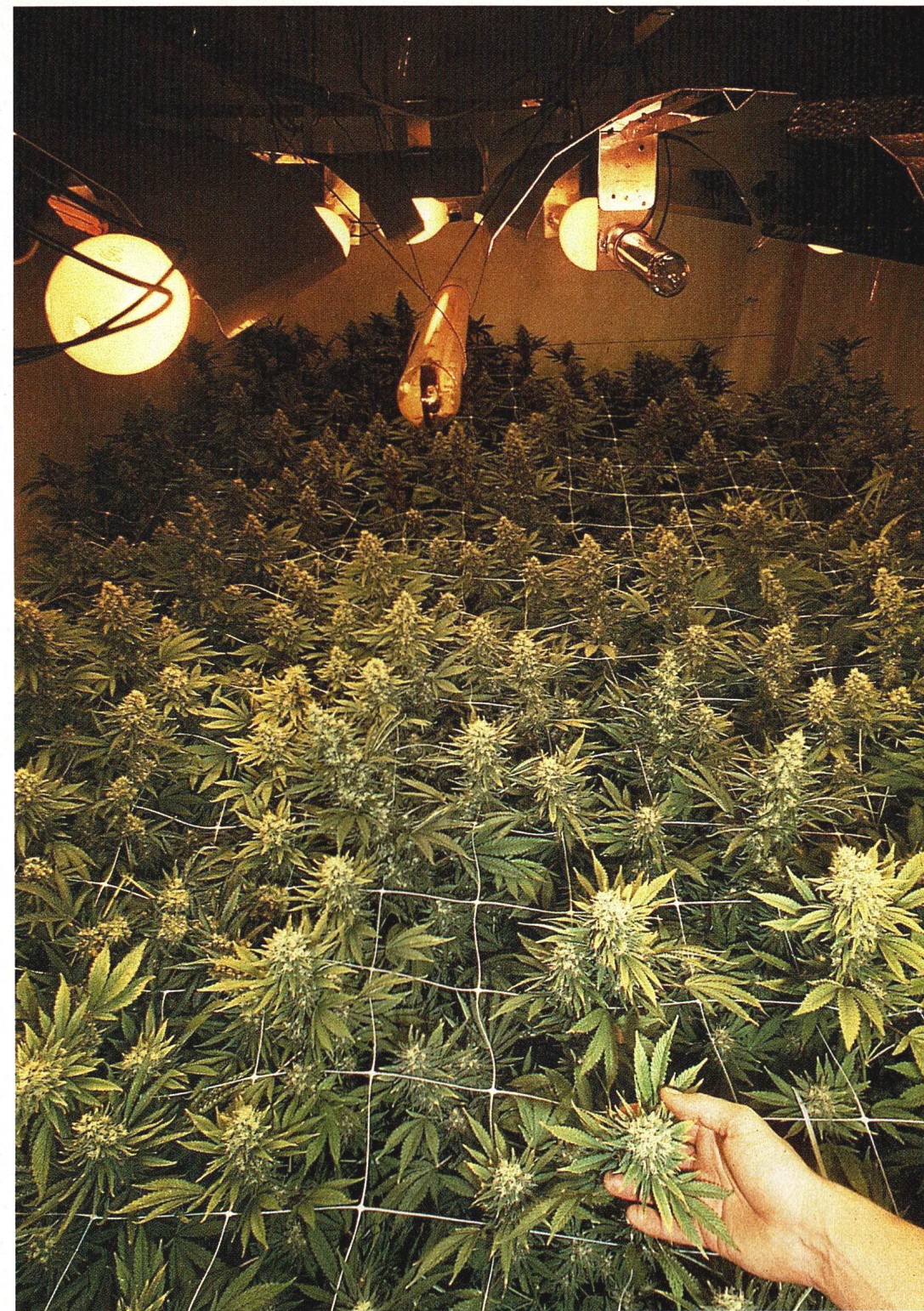
"Wow," says the buyer, "not bad at all! Great stuff. Are you really allowed to grow marijuana in this country?"

A simple question, but tough to answer. Even the Dutch themselves are not quite sure about it. To sell seeds and to grow hemp is not an offence as such, but the closer you come to the point of selling marijuana commercially, the less legal your actions are. The existing laws reflect the historical situation when hemp was used for such things as making ropes and animal feed. This means problems for the prosecution.

"Even if the police discover a marijuana



Clockwise from left:
Tending young home-grown skunk plants; the delicate process of cloning; an indoor plantation under halogen lights; equipment for growing marijuana.



plantation, the likelihood of taking the matter to court is a grey area," says a police spokesman. Legally the possession of up to 30g of cannabis product for "personal use" is a minor offence, but in practice no policeman will arrest you for it. Those found with bigger quantities may be regarded as a dealer, but small-scale dealers rank low on the police priority scale. Law enforcement concentrates on large-scale dealer networks and smugglers.

As a consequence, there is a flourishing trade in Dutch marijuana. Take a trip around Amsterdam's 300 or so hashish coffee shops and you will find that *nederwiet* is a popular item on the menu.

Yet five or ten years ago it had absolutely no commercial value. "None of my customers used to bother about it," says Michael, an old hand in the coffee-shop scene. Some 95 percent of his customers are foreign. "My clients ask for the quality bits and pieces, not for the kind of dope they can buy in their own cities," he explains. "The Swiss, especially, have the taste, and the money, to pay for it. And I must admit that the home-grown grass varieties sell very well. I guess that they represent half of my marijuana sales."

In most cases, Dutch home-grown marijuana is simply that — grown at home. Enter one of these indoor plantations and the first thing that hits you is the smell, an

overwhelming, musky stink. The atmosphere is damp, the temperature high. Yellowish halogen lamps glow with an intense light; it's an artificial world. There is the hum of electricity, an air conditioner adds a slight rattle. The growing area, covered with thick white plastic sheeting, looks like a scientific laboratory, but it is the smell that dominates.

The typical skunk odor is one of the biggest problems for the illegal grower and he worries that the neighbors may sniff out his crop and inform the police.

The orderly rows of plants, up to 80cm high, with dark-green leaves and reddish-brown in the buds, are supported by an

DUTCH

intricate web of strings. Their leaves shake lightly in the breeze. This garden is perfectly hidden in an ordinary apartment building somewhere in Amsterdam.

Given the secrecy, it is hard to assess the exact amount of money involved in the home-grown skunk industry. A gram of Dutch weed costs around \$A8.00 and, in some shops, is more expensive than imported marijuana. Estimates of the total turnover in hashish and marijuana vary from \$A68 million to \$A3.4 billion, according to a 1989 report by the Dutch National Criminal Intelligence Service (NCIS). But the real-money value of the Dutch skunk trade is probably much greater.

"Those figures have no real value any more," says NCIS spokesman Jan van Doorn. "They were only based on seizures, not on any realistic inside knowledge of actual sales patterns in the coffee-shop circuit."

While local production is estimated to account for 20-50 percent of marijuana sales, the growers themselves are equally unsure about how much they produce. While it is generally accepted that the market is dominated by thousands of small hobbyists with only a few plants in their attic, I have seen indoor plantations containing up to 1000 plants yielding an average of one kilo of marijuana per harvest. A skip through the police bust sheets show raided plantations ranging in size from a couple of hundred to the 20,000 plants seized in a greenhouse set-up in Groningen.

"The real yardstick is the production per square metre per year," says Wernard, a supplier of seeds and lamps. An indoor grower can produce six crops a year, using a "shift system", separating the cloning, growing and blossoming stages, with different sections of his plantation for each phase. "If you're good, this method guarantees a result of 400 to 500 grams per square metre per year," laughs Wernard. "Nobody can beat that!"

With yields like that a plot of only five square metres will certainly earn you a decent yearly income. Growers with bigger gardens can make big bucks. "I make an average of \$A4200 a month," one grower told me. That's not bad for a hobby which costs him an hour a day.

Estimates as to the number of small growers range from 20,000 to 40,000. "We prefer a lot of small home-growers over a couple of big producers," says Wernard. "Marijuana-growing is a way of life, not a commercial enterprise, that's our philosophy."

There's heated debate on the ethics of marijuana growing. Many, like Wernard, acknowledge that they have to, and genuinely want to, stick to small-scale home-growing, aimed at consumption in



Clockwise from left:
Nurturing young seedlings; an especially modified apartment room for growing marijuana; and average-sized skunk head.

Holland only. But others produce sizeable crops for strictly commercial goals. This middle category could number from 60 to "a couple of hundred" growers, as one source guessed. Finally, there are a few "very big" operations, run by what is rumored to be organized crime. They are treated warily.

"If someone wants to buy a lot of plants to fill up a barn, I send him to the competition," says Wernard.

"I could make a lot of money in greenhouses," added another grower, "but I would have to work with real criminals."

Green politics have even permeated the marijuana debate. A hot topic is hydro-culture — a sin as bad as heroin-pushing in the eyes of the organic amateurs.

"Shit, man," cries Ari, "they produce a crop in six weeks on rockwood, using foodstuffs from a bottle. Five drops from

bottle A, four from flask B. Natural nutrients are a must if you want to create a really extraordinary puff." He shows me a bud from a chemical garden: "Look at these crystals — it's whitish powder, not the clear stuff you see on natural grass. If you smoke this, it's an attack on the lungs."

So why is skunk so good? According to NCIS laboratory tests, Dutch marijuana has a "relatively strong concentration of THC" — the active ingredient producing the high. They found concentrations of up to 17 percent — far better than the seven percent found in some Thai or Jamaican grass.

This potency has been achieved by genetic manipulation. Dutch horticultural wizards, strongly influenced by American knowhow, have managed to develop plants with 15 times the original number of

Continued on page 107

PHOTOGRAPHY BY SUZE RANDALL



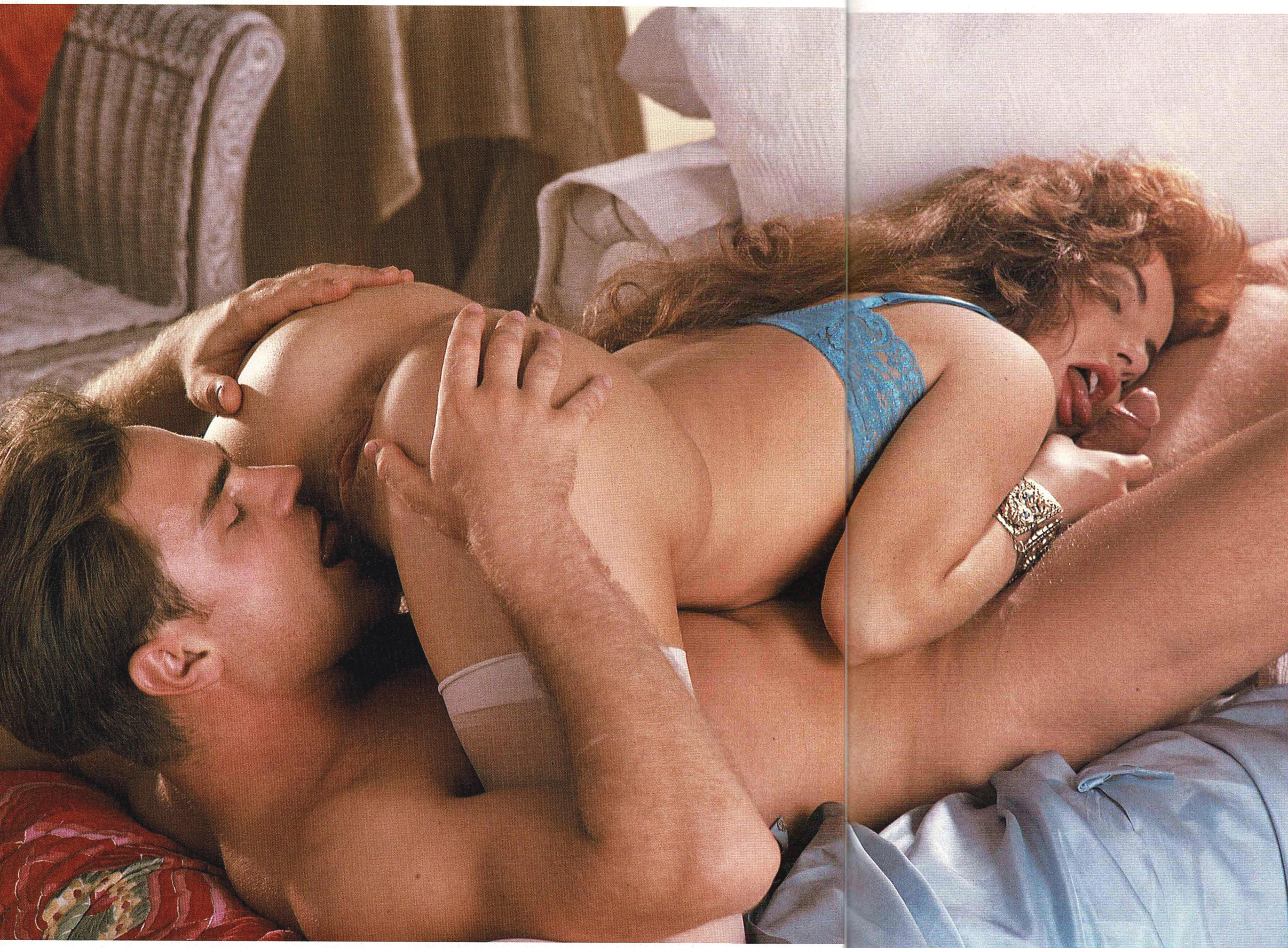
in tandem

They arrived at the party as flatmates and friends. But by the time the fun was over, John and Lillian realised their friendship had grown and they couldn't wait to get back to their apartment to some private partying of their own.





Just being friends was fine — but the physical attraction they felt for each other was too great to deny. John had recently divorced his childhood sweetheart wife and Lillian had not been close to a man since the death, six months earlier, of her only brother. But now they could share their feelings — together.







There are only two rules for membership of The Southern Cross Vulgarians RFC — “No Trainers” and “No Sippers.” You have to keep this basic philosophy in mind if you want to play rugby in this team. You’ll have to keep a lot more in mind if you want to party with them.

So says our guide for the evening, Abbo — a 22-year-old law student and “Press Secretary” of what he describes as the “ugliest and most highly qualified rugby team in the Southern Hemisphere.” The Vulgarians don’t want players

NIGHTLIFE
wellington n.z.

**Drinking
with Kiwi
rugby players
can be an
acquired taste**

WORDS AND PHOTOS
BY MARK ABERNETHY

vulgarian nights

part 3

vulgarian nights

who train and they shower disdain on sippers — a Kiwi-ism for people who drink for all the wrong reasons. But for all their hostility toward anyone not Of The Faith, there's an arm-length waiting list of young footy players around Wellington just dying to join this team that boasts the best-looking female supporters and the lower North Island's most generous sponsor and booze-provider — the notorious Southern Cross Tavern.

The deal includes four crates of beer for every game played, jugs on the house on a Saturday arvo and give-away crates for the team's infamous Vulgarians' Picnics — outdoor events for the off-season that are so vividly disgusting that the police are frequently called in by outraged decent citizens.

The sponsorship deal with the Southern Cross is much envied among other social footy teams around the country. It's a deal that also raises eyebrows with some mothers who think young Kiwi males abuse alcohol enough without having a sponsor for the habit. A recent Vulgarian sign-up evening at the pub saw manager Gary Clarke put 1200 (yes, twelve hundred) free jugs of beer on the bar for new Vulgarians.

But it's a deal that suits both parties concerned. The Vulgarians have a clubhouse and a good booze supply, and the Tavern gets publicity and the flow-on crowds that follow the team. And a full arsenal of booze is a fundamental requirement for the Vulgarians. Because they may be a half-good bunch of footballers, but their infamy lies in the way they socialise. A pastime that is best summed up by yet another of their throw-away slogans: "What goes down, must come up."

So we're sitting here in the Southern Cross. It's a Saturday afternoon and Abbo is priming me for the arrival of the team.

"Don't call Fritter a sipper . . . he's going quietly because of the stomach ulcer, but the last time he got called that, someone got hurt. Don't let it be you this time.

"Red's got a complex about his hair — I should know because I made him as ashamed as I could about it. But don't say anything about the hair . . . in fact, don't even look at it. If you do, I won't be held accountable . . . and don't call Shorty 'Shorty'."

"So what do I call him?"

"Don't call him anything, for fuck's sake — don't even *talk* to him, especially when he's drunk. I'll take care of the questions."

There are other warnings. Like, don't ever ask a Vulgarian to perform vomiting tricks for you. A person who wants to encourage but not partake is worse than vermin — worse, even, than a sipper. I'm warned that one of the lads is likely to puke on me if this kind of question is raised.

Because we're here to view the New Zealand institution of pelican drinking (vomiting into another's mouth), we are given a quick run down on the practice. Pelican drinking probably began in the Fifties among rugby players and rowing crews. It died out around the early Eighties, but is now seeing a revival.

"And just one thing," says my guide as the barn-like bar steadily fills and the juke-box is cranked. "Is the camera insured?"

I tell him it's borrowed from a mate and he goes into a delirious monologue that borrows as much from legal Latin as it does from Shakespeare and Leviticus.

"The Vulgarians RFC can in no way guarantee . . . or give indemnity, or anything that involves physically giving you anything remotely associated with losses caused by us or anybody connected or not, to you or your person *ex abundante cautela* . . . but YEA! Indeed we LOVE, but bow down we do not . . . do we make ourselves clear?"

And he's off on another John Knoxian head journey into areas uncharted, and some of the girl Vulgarian groupies with eyes only for The Lads come to the table and seem to be accustomed to this rambling Rumpole-esque rant . . . and a girl with a gorgeous mouth gives Abbo a bit of lip and they all go into hooting laughter when he half-turns to the girl and seriously asks her: "Do I know you?"

Because this is business, and somewhere between uttering "get thee to a nunnery", "tread carefully where the Lion sleeps" and describing one of the other girls as "most beastly foul and full of vile disdain", The Lads have staggered, jogged, screamed and swaggered into the bar. More than 20 of the buggers. And a bloke has to be surprised. They are the most normal, clean-cut bunch of blokes you could hope to meet. Okay, so they've had a few, and there's a certain ratbag energy about them, but the handshakes are firm and the inquiries polite. And for a moment it's easy to forget why we're here — to watch these pleasant, university student, footy-playing blokes perform the unthinkable — to vomit into one another's mouths.

Around midnight the cry goes up: "RIIIIGHT!" It's a sign that the party is



moving elsewhere. There's a restless aura around the Vulgarians — the charisma of blokes who drink for free and need to move on to something more. There are more than enough cute girls now attached to the team for each of The Lads to have a little something for himself.

"You should have seen the chicks a month ago, at our last picnic," one of the team tells me. "Everyone was in the bushes rooting — one girl got pissed and puked on, but it didn't seem to worry her."

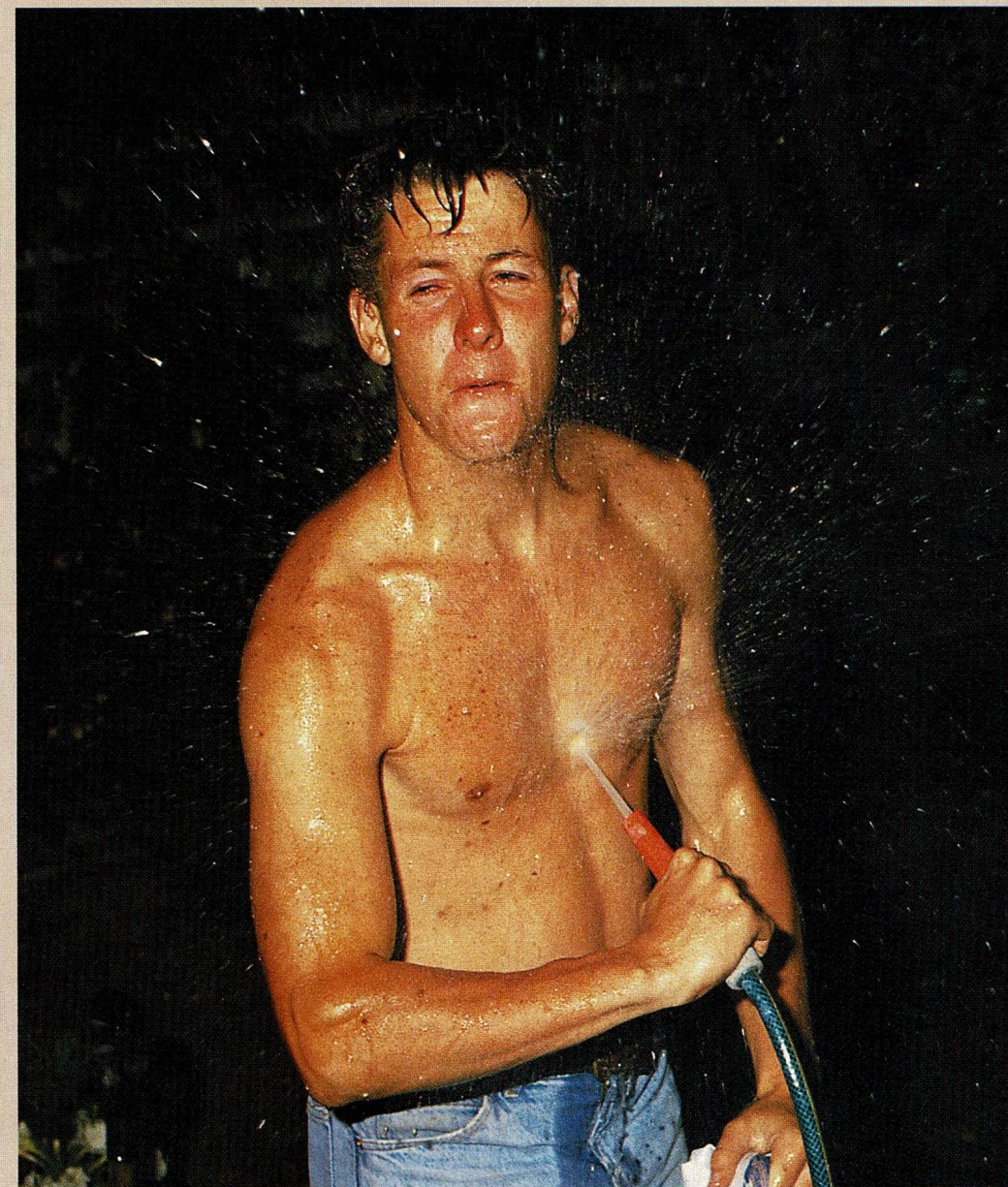
There are many stories like this told, but always with good humor. Girls seek the Vulgarians out to be in their scene, so the guys see no reason to change the way they act — the girls can take it or leave it.

A fast rollcall is made beside the Vulgarian Shrine near the exit to the vast boozier. The Shrine is a glass cabinet on the wall containing photographs of past parties, games and tours. A banner runs across the top of the Shrine that says: "Kill the body — Feed the horse." There's also a collection of press releases from the Press Secretary — a slick litany of phrases referring to players as "horse crutch", "donkey dong" and "Mister Ed." Sippers, party-poopers and other wowsers are referred to as "Linda" (Lovelace) as in: "Choke on this, Linda."

There's a quorum and someone is sent to pick up a few dozen flagons of DB Draught — the cheapest beer in town.

One of the guys has to go somewhere with his new girlfriend, and seeks the approval of the team.

"Fuck off, Linda," one of the others



"Eating is cheating and the dog gets an unscheduled feed . . ."

sneers at him. The bloke decides to stay. The girlfriend rolls her eyes but wears it.

There's beer, girls and a place to party. Cars and taxis roar into the cold and crystal-clear Wellington darkness. Tonight The Vulgarians ride.

This is Tim's place. Well, all right, it's his parents' place, but they're cool — they understand a bloke's need to disencumber himself of certain pressures with a few selected friends. Tim seems unperturbed by the drunken revelling on the back patio. He's more interested in how his face got so smashed up. "Christ, I was so drunk I can't remember if I fell

over or got a hiding from those fucking Bogans last night."

"You got a hiding, and then you fell over, you mad cunt," one of the team members, Fritter, says as he walks past.

Fritter is a big, sandy-haired guy who gives the impression of being capable of just about anything — as long as there's money or ego riding on it. He has recently returned from a prestigious year-long scholarship at an American university and is going slow on the booze for medical reasons. But he still has *mana* — respect. Two years ago at

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Continued from page 50

and he said: 'The only job I've found involves lying on your back.' And I said: 'I could do with a break.'

"We thought about it for a while and I asked him eventually if he was serious, if he really wanted me to do it and he said he did. So I took the car keys and went down to St Mary's and got a job pretty quickly. Actually I started that night at St Mary's parlor, which was a dirty, sleazy place next to the railway line.

"I was there for a while but because I presented myself as a lady, while the rest of the girls were tarts, I was earning more than they were, right from the start. So they got rid of me, ganged up on me."

After that BJ worked around, at Parramatta and then after she'd left her husband and taken two of the boys, in Willoughby on Sydney's North Shore. She says the place was run by gangsters, but they were very nice. But her husband was hassling her, he couldn't accept the fact that she'd left him. And so BJ headed for Coffs Harbour.

She worked for the local madam for a while as one of the paid staffers for the in-house service where horny locals or guys passing through ring up and have a whore sent to the door, like calling out for

pizza. Angel didn't hack that for long and was soon flying solo.

She started making a decent living right off the bat. It was because she was really into her work.

"I took to the business right away," she said, sipping black tea in her small kitchen while a border collie and a German shepherd pup ran around at her feet chewing everything in sight.

"When my husband first suggested it I thought it was perfect because I'm permanently horny. Truly, I have this hormone imbalance. And my husband was never really that interested in sex, I'd go up to three months without it and get really frustrated and start wondering why I was snapping at the kids. It was because I hadn't had an orgasm for three months.

"And I found that work was better sex than he was anyway. The guys at work have always treated me like a lady. If they don't they aren't allowed to see me. I get treated with an amazing amount of respect because I demand it."

(They kept me there until 1am. I had sex with 12 guys one way or another during the day). — diary extract after a day with playful bikies

Try to imagine for a moment how difficult it is for a single mother with two young children to move from a major city to a country town and then start work at the

oldest profession. To do it you have to be strong, and brave.

Coffs didn't have to face it for a while. Angel was hitch-hiking down to Sydney three days a week with the truckies: "The truckies were great, I'd always pay my fare and they never took advantage of me. It would get over the airwaves that Angel was travelling and for me to be looked after. So I always was."

It was too hard, though. Eventually Angel had to start advertising and become more public. It was rather like leaping out of the closet. Of course, this started leading to chance meetings with clients in the street.

Unlike Sydney, where the possibilities of bumping into the bloke you'd just screwed witless and taken money from the night before were negligible, Angel could easily bump into last night's lay in the mall first thing next morning.

If it happens Angel, or BJ as she is when she's not working, just smiles and winks. "Sometimes a younger one will come up and grab me and swing me round and give me a big cuddle.

"My eldest son knows what I do. He's never told me that the kids at school give him a hard time about it. It did happen once, but he just said his mother was a lady and deserved respect and that was the end of it.

Continued on page 94



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lather and lace



Green-eyed brunette Sandrine Luc can be excused for looking so relaxed in her first *Penthouse* shoot. The French-born beauty is well used to the close scrutiny of men — not as a dancer or model, but as a men's barber.

PHOTOGRAPHY BY DENYS DE FRANCESCO





"It led to some funny situations at the barber's where I did my training in France — you have to get close to a man's face and with the loose tunic I used to wear, I guess you could say some customers got a little excited." The 24-year-old with the 36-25-36 curves has now swapped her tunic for something less revealing, but says there's one thing that still gets her customers hot under the collar: "When I lather men's faces and shave them, they get quite worked up — I don't know why."



"All my friends know, I don't hide it. I always conduct myself like a lady and no-one seems to mind. Those who don't know what I do and then find out later just seem to accept it. Some are shocked at actually knowing a prostitute. But then they think: 'It's only BJ.'

"But even though there are 50,000 people in Coffs, it's still a small town. And in this business in a small town you're either accepted, thrown out, or can't stick your nose out of the front door because you're scared someone is going to find out.

"I've managed because I get respect from most of the people. There are a few who can't handle their own sexuality, or can't handle any kind of sexuality, who can't cope with the fact that I'm open about it. It frustrates them so they've got a set against me. It's their problem, not mine."

(I had a rather pleasant evening at work. It was the 21-year-old son of an Italian Mafia type who runs hookers in Sydney. The boy was dead-set on impressing me. He pulled out a roll which must have been \$10,000 or more. I whipped him up to the pinnacle

of pleasure and left him shaking and throbbing. I also left him with a business card to give his father). — diary extract

We got into a bit of an argument about what BJ actually calls herself professionally. She hates being called a prostitute and says hookers are women in Kings Cross sticking needles in their arms. "I'm not that type of person and I don't want to be associated with them."

"I don't want to be called a hooker. I play with millionaires and the big businessmen in town. I much prefer to be a 'social escort'."

This had brought us nicely to the ticklish area of just who is on Angel's books. There's no getting away from the fact that she could bust up a lot of marriages and ruin other people's public standing and credibility. In a sense, Angel holds a unique and powerful position in the town.

It is something she is acutely aware of. But there's no risk she would ever let one name slip. To do that would mean she was finished, instantly.

She will admit, though, that many of Coffs Harbour's leading lights are clients of hers. "Oh, absolutely. But I don't kiss and tell. I have people on my books who are placed highly in this community, to fun people I play with. I see a person totally as they are. There are bigwigs around town whose personalities nobody knows

because they put themselves forward as whoever they are 'on stage.' I get to see them 'backstage.'

"I'm probably the only person in town who knows them as they really are because there's no act, no performance. They don't have to prove anything to me. Anything they say goes in one ear and out the other. I'm not really interested in their private lives."

You'd think there would be women in Coffs who would like to strangle Angel. If there are, there have been no signs yet.

"No, there hasn't been any abuse. I did have one Indian lady ring up and ask me very nicely if she could have me identify her husband as she wanted to get a divorce.

"I sympathised with her but told her I couldn't. It was against my professional ethics. She and I became friends and she did come round to see me and eventually showed me a photograph and I told her again that even if I did recognise him I couldn't say so."

(Wow, I put in some jobs this evening. Started with two old regulars as singles then went to a double at Coramba with two other regulars. Then to another double with two hunky, horny young bodies. But they were too wasted on coke and I couldn't do much with them). — diary extract

Weeks after the Mongrels Club catastrophe hit the town, which harbors a large group of right-wing fundamentalists in the Jerry Falwell mode who call themselves the Concerned Silent Majority, the locals are still titillating each other with fantasies about what was going on.

Angel almost dismisses the whole thing. "It was unadventurous really, just a standard strip and show with part-audience participation.

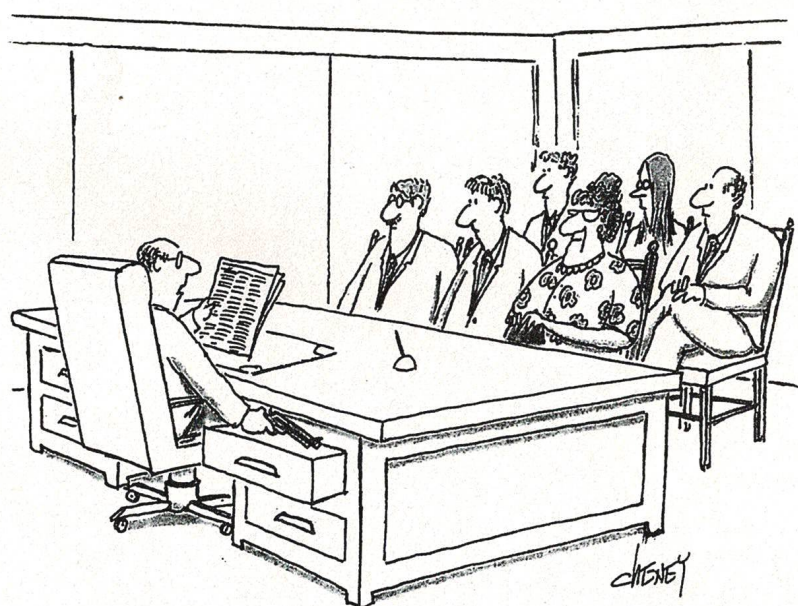
"What happens is that I introduce myself to the audience and give everyone a kiss and a bit of a touch-up. I get them turned on and then they have to undress me. I wear as many items of clothing as I can and as long as there aren't too many people, each guy gets to take one item of clothing off.

"And then, when I'm down to a G-string, I'll get one of them and take off his shirt and play with his top half. Or I'll get him to lower his trousers and I'll give him French right to the pinnacle and leave him, because I'm a tease."

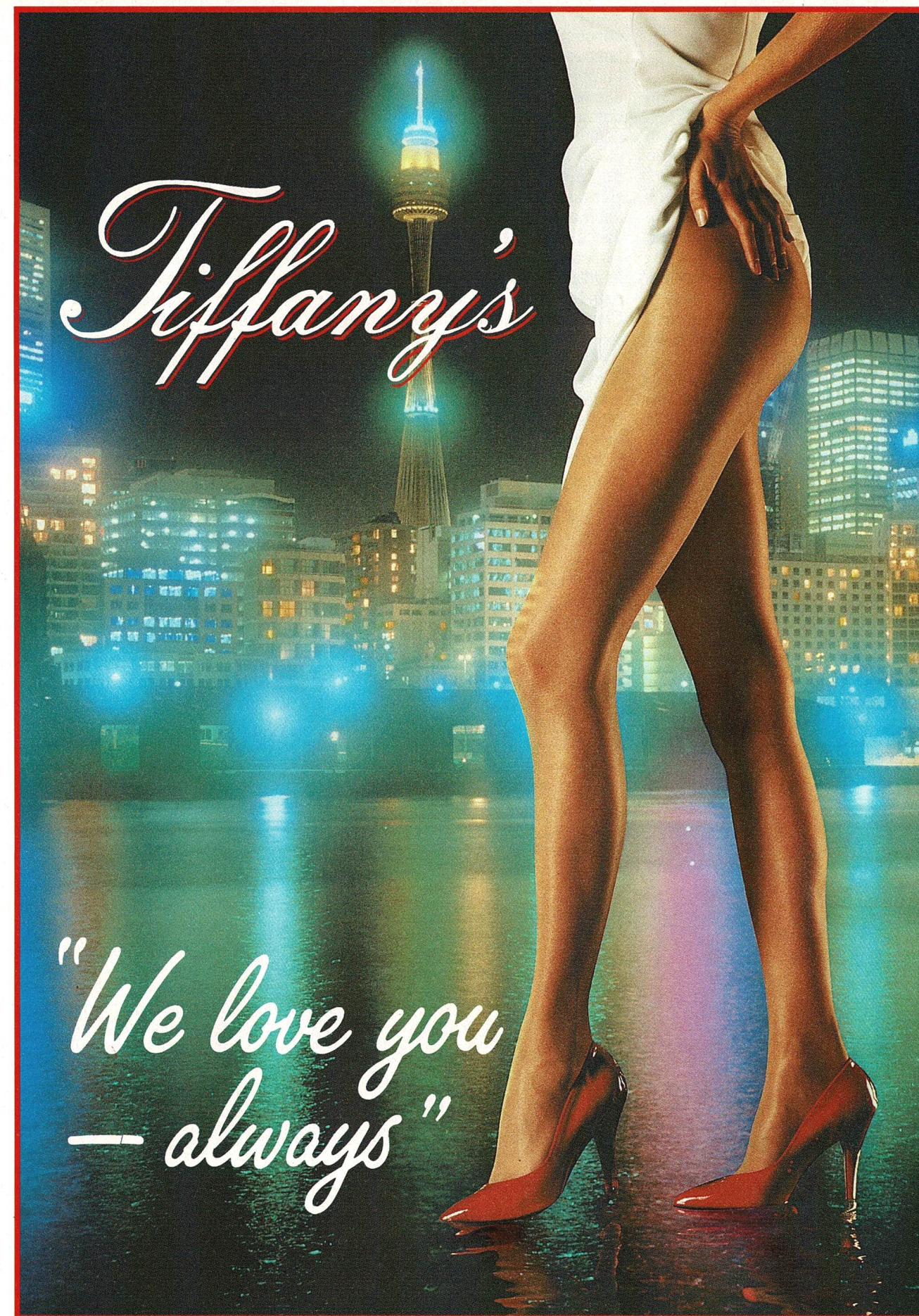
There was a slight variation at the Mongrels Club before the law spoiled all the fun. Angel had blown two and was hard at work on the third when Mr Plod gatecrashed the party.

That will be it for lunches *avec* crumpet in Coffs Harbour for a while. But it won't take much difference to Angel.

Certainly her phone is still ringing. Constantly. ☐



"And last but not least, to my wife Doris, who never missed an opportunity to make remarks about the size of my penis..."



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GUNS AND MONEY

Continued from page 54

improve, especially for the lawyers. When Michael Jackson cancelled three concerts in Tacoma, Washington in 1988, a class action suit was filed by some disgruntled ticketholders. Jackson, the promoter and the venue shared the payout of a \$US100,000 settlement.

For those bands who've disbanded, the cases can continue over decades in some instances. The Beatles have had more lawsuits for more money than any other group or artist in musical history. They sued their old record labels, Capitol and EMI, for a variety of reasons and for more than \$US100 million. One 1979 suit for \$US80 million in which the Beatles claimed they were owed for records they said were sold by the labels — which the record companies claimed were scrapped or sent out as promotional copies — was settled eventually after an 11-year fight. A \$US40-million suit surrounding the release by Capitol and EMI of the Beatles catalogue on CD was dismissed in 1988. They also filed a complaint against Nike, its advertising agency, Capitol, and EMI over the use of the Beatles' song, "Revolution" in a footwear commercial.

But the most bizarre Beatles action

concerns the use of the name of their famous company Apple by the computer company of the same name. It was alleged that the Beatles allowed the computer company to use the Apple name as long as they did not dabble in music. But when the Apple Macintosh computer started to have musical software and audio outputs, the Beatles' attorneys lashed out with a hefty action that is still being fought.

Meanwhile Beatles members made headlines of their own. Ringo Starr won a permanent court order against producer Chips Moman in Georgia which prevents the release of an album Starr made in 1987. Starr sued on the grounds that most of the recording was done while he was under the influence of alcohol. George Harrison was sued by the songwriters of a tune titled "She's So Fine" who won the claim that he had plagiarised their song to produce the similar-sounding "My Sweet Lord."

But the ultimate case of song stealing was lodged against Creedence Clearwater Revival leader John Fogerty as the finale to more than two decades of acrimony between him and former manager/record producer Saul Zaentz. After a dispute with Zaentz that caused the breakup of the band in the early Seventies, with Zaentz holding the contracts and copyrights, Fogerty refused to perform any Creedence songs or

record while he was under any obligation to his former boss. Zaentz hit Fogerty with a lawsuit in the mid-Eighties charging defamation when a song titled "Vanz Can't Dance" appeared on his long-awaited debut solo album.

But the long fight drew to a close after Zaentz filed suit in 1986 that in writing "The Old Man Down The Road" Fogerty had copied the melody of his own 1970 composition "Run Through The Jungle", which Zaentz still controlled. After a two-week trial in which Fogerty spent an entire day with guitar and amp performing portions of songs like "Proud Mary", "Fortunate Son" and other Creedence hits to show his style of writing and singing, the jury took only three hours to rule that Fogerty was not guilty of self-plagiarism. It took \$US500,000 for Fogerty to defend himself against the charge of stealing his own songs, but aside from winning the case, he also received more than \$1.5 million in royalties that Zaentz's company, Fantasy Records, had withheld from him since launching the suit.

There's a long list of court cases and a queue of accusers claiming that they wrote the songs which their defendants have had to prove as their own. Stevie Wonder won a copyright infringement suit over the song "I Just Called To Say I Love You" which another song-writer, Lloyd Chiate, claimed he and a partner wrote and presented to Wonder in 1976. A trio of songwriters sued Michael Jackson for \$110 million soon after Wonder's case was started, claiming that material they brought to his home in 1977 was later used in the songs "Thriller", "Another Part Of Me" and "We Are the World", which was co-written with Lionel Ritchie.

Ritchie was hit with two other actions claiming that "Stuck On You" by one writer and "Dancing on the Ceiling" by another were stolen by the singer. The "Stuck On You" case was won by Ritchie but was appealed all the way to the US Supreme Court. Fellow black performer Prince was not singing about family harmony when half-sister Lorna Nelson sued him, claiming that his song "U Got The Look" infringed on her tune "What's Cooking In This Book." The court ruled that there was no resemblance in songs, unlike the familial attributes.

It seems as though another couple of cases are launched every week. Niggers With Attitude lead singer Dr Dre is being sued for \$24 million for punching a TV compere. Billy Joel's former manager (also former brother-in-law) has been hit with a \$20-million suit for fraud. A major photocopier company in New Zealand was nailed for using "White Christmas" without permission.

In the Sixties it was the Beatles who taught us "All You Need Is Love." Now, in the Nineties, the lawyers are humming the same tune, but this time the words are: "All You Need Is Greed." 



"I'm well aware of the fact that Horton has feelings, too.
Come watch me hurt them!"

dressed for success



PHOTOGRAPHY BY STEVE EASTON

"I usually change my clothes four or five times a day," 26-year-old Jacqueline Brody tells us. "And when I change, it's a total transformation — hair, make-up, underwear — the works."





The brunette dancer's need for constant change has left a few boyfriends lacking for pace in the past, but that's something that doesn't concern Jacqueline. "If a man can't handle the heat then he should stay out of the kitchen as far as I'm concerned. A man who can't accept my changing moods is not really my kind of man — most men want me to stay the same so they can change whenever they want, but I won't wear that," says the lovely Libran with a no-nonsense look.







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PHOTOGRAPHY BY SUZE RANDALL



the dinner party

Louise had been thinking about Susan all week so when her friend phoned one afternoon to suggest dinner, Louise accepted without hesitation. After talking about their various case loads at different law firms, Louise couldn't contain herself any longer and kissed Susan full on the lips.





They had hidden their lust for each other for many weeks, but their passion didn't escape Jeanette, their waitress. Happy to see her two customers enjoying their evening so much, Jeanette helped to make it that much better and added a third course to the delightful dinner — on the house, of course.





Continued from page 22

you'll need at least a 386 or greater to accommodate some of the software now being produced. Either way, the thing needs to have a hard disk and at least 640K of Random Access Memory (RAM) to run the bigger games. The software which makes an IBM-compatible PC go is DOS. There have been various versions, but if you have DOS5 you're looking good. You also need a color screen.

The first thing you need to do, before loading games, is to clean all the extraneous crap out of your computer. There are inevitably programs and files you don't need, sitting there taking up disc space you could use better elsewhere. Make sure you're familiar with your computer's vital statistics, too, before buying games, and check that they're compatible. You need to know your hard-disk capacity, floppy drives, RAM, type of monitor, mouse driver, etc.

Most games are simple to install on your hard disk. It's usually just a matter of inserting the first disk, changing to the appropriate drive and typing "install." The installation program will then tell you what to do.

If you are running other programs besides games, it's an idea to keep your

games programs in a "games" directory. Go to your hard-drive prompt and type: MKDIR games [enter]. Then, at the point where the installation program asks you to confirm the directory into which the game will go, add "games" to the path; eg: C:\games\keen. Keeps things tidy.

Aliens Ate My Babysitter

The great thing about computer games is that you always get to be the hero. In this one you get to be Commander Keen, and have to take on the Bloogs, a bunch of aliens from Friibulus Xax. This is one of the obstacle-course-type games where Keen has to navigate through various command posts on Friibulus Xax — fighting aliens all the way. It's tricky enough to keep you interested, and the graphics are hot, with weird alien landscapes, cinematic sequences and full-screen scrolling. You can have music, too, if you have a sound board. It uses surprisingly little memory for what it does, is simple to load and you don't need a degree to play it. It's a popular game, and with good reason. *Pacronics (02) 748 4700; \$69.95.*

Blues Brothers

The guys who put this one together might be trying to kill too many birds with one stone. Usually a program's compatibility is a matter of "either or" — IBM or Amiga or Atari. This one is

designed to be compatible with all three. Well, it may be, but it wasn't very happy in the *Games PC*. It hiccupped in the loading, got stuck in the demo and several times hung (froze) the PC. Since the latter is a sweet 386 which will handle much heavier programs than this one, I can only conclude that the software isn't quite the full basket. Pity about Jake and Elroy. *Mindscape (02) 899 2277; \$69.95.*

Maupiti Island

Our Amiga man, Brian Bigg, took a spin on this new release from Pacronics and had this to say about it:

Maupiti Island is a gripping tale of intrigue from the same people who brought you the very popular Mortville Manor a few years back. Famous detective Jerome Lange has been asked to the island to solve the kidnapping of a beautiful native girl. As the detective, it's your task to question the suspects and search the island (taking care not to get killed by the guilty party along the way). Each answer and each discovery leads you closer to the girl.

A couple of complaints: A few more instructions would prevent you getting killed so often early on and there's no way to tell how close you are to solving the puzzle. But those aside, Maupiti Island is a terrific game which will keep you at the computer for hours. *Also in IBM format. Pacronics (02) 748 4700; \$69.95. O—*



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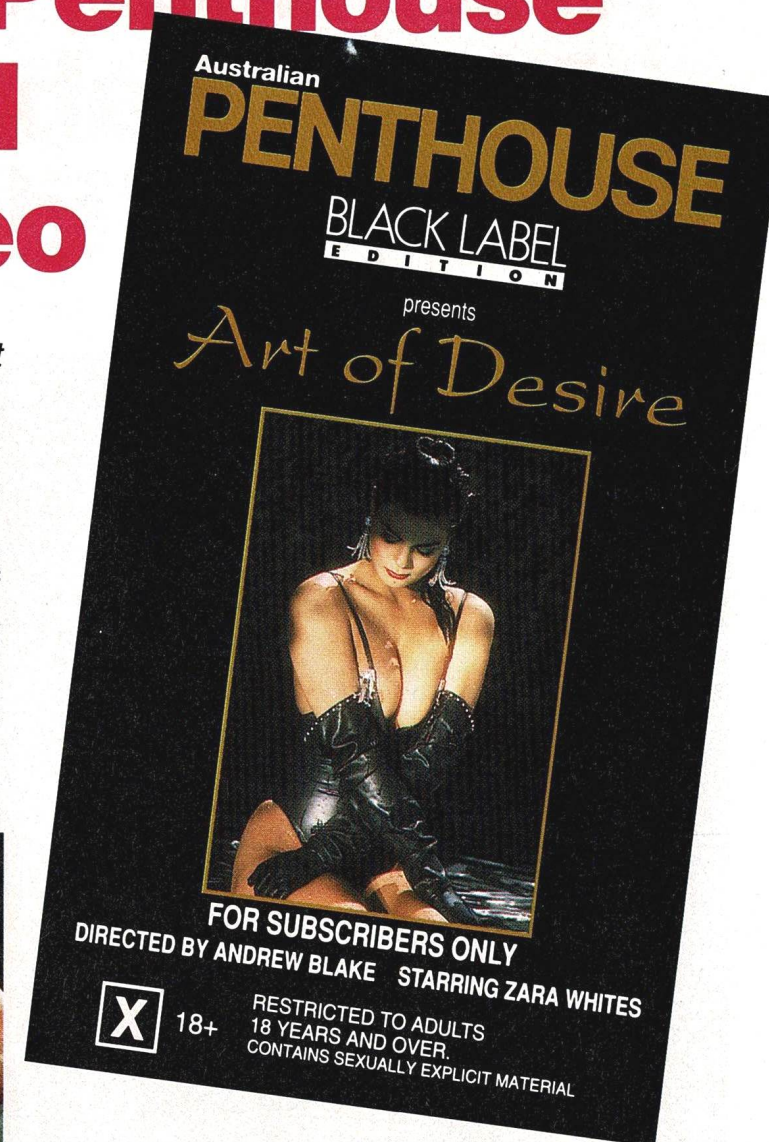
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Swinger's Ink from VCA is this month's new X-rated title. It's an entertaining and light-hearted story about how to sell and save a failing sex magazine. One of the highlights of this video is the raw, hot and explosive relationship between Stevie, the office manageress and Craig, the magazine's photographer. This movie proves that the bed is mightier than the pen or the sword! The film is directed by Michael Craig and stars hot-as-heaven Tracey Adams. With a running time of 95 minutes, this title is priced at \$35.00 for great value.

See the order card for details, or call our Hotline — free call 008 80 2320.

Now turn the page for this month's new Penthouse Video title

Australian Penthouse Black Label Edition Video



This month's title, *Satin And Lace* (R-rated), is the latest *Penthouse*-produced movie to top the sales charts in the US. An exotic, erotic history of lingerie, it's an exceptionally filmed and absolutely unforgettable adult fantasy. Be tantalised by our gorgeous Pets wearing decorative and decadent lace bras, sheer black stockings, sexy suspender belts and stilettos to die for. And if you think the Pets look great in lingerie, just wait till they take it off!

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DUTCH

Continued from page 71

stamens on the female plants. Stamens produce the sticky crystalline substance which, in a normal habitat, enables the male pollen to settle on the receiving female plants. It is this sugary resin which contains the highest concentrations of THC. By cross-breeding plants of the indica family with plants from the sativa family, skunk was developed.

These plants do very well indoors. They have a relatively short blooming period (six to eight weeks) compared to 12 to 14 weeks for pure indicas, and they produce big buds.

Another trick of the trade is cloning. The grower splits a "mother plant" into 30 or 40 young plants, a process which may be repeated a number of times. There is also the sinsemilla method where no male pollen is allowed to fertilise the female flowers. This results in a seedless crop which is much easier to handle for the consumer.

"You could easily become a seed breeder yourself," says Adriaan Janse, an economist and geographer at the University of Amsterdam who has written the definitive study of hashish coffee-shop culture. "Just buy a package of skunk seeds and cross it with, well, you name it..."

Kees Hoekert is one of the earliest promoters of do-it-yourself marijuana in Holland. "Back in 1963 when I discovered that marijuana grows as well in the Netherlands as it does in the traditional areas, I thought I had struck gold!" he says. "One plant produces enough to deliver 60,000 seeds in a couple of harvests. I had an oil-well under my sink! I was to become a billionaire."

Hoekert is certainly no billionaire, but he was right about the financial potential of Dutch skunk. There is horticultural know-how, excellent seeds and up-to-date breeding techniques. And on top of that, Holland has an almost perfect retail channel in its coffee shops.

Peter, who is involved in wholesaling soft drugs, estimates that "60kg to 100kg" of Dutch marijuana is sold through the Amsterdam coffee shops each month.

The police are not so certain. "There is no widespread home-growing going on in Amsterdam as far as we know," claims Rob van Velsen, head of Amsterdam's Drug Squad. "We do not consider marijuana-growing a priority," he adds, smiling. "Marijuana consumers don't get involved with the police. Drunks cause a lot more havoc, just look around in our city."

The official approach should reassure the growers, but most of them fear the police. "We continuously walk the line between what's allowed and what's

forbidden," complains one, who claims that he is "vaguely connected" to one of Amsterdam's hottest *wiet* shops, "Homegrown Phantasy", where seeds, grass and hash are sold. Everything on the list is of Dutch manufacture and business is flourishing. But several of his "friends" have been busted.

Besides the risk of being arrested, there is the danger of running foul of people involved in "criminal activities" who are capable of violence. Growers talk about gangs who rip off their crops: "A bag of buds is mighty merchandise," says Wernard. There is also gang robbery where a stash is stolen by a rival gang. One grower told me about a "large crop" which was silently produced in an empty bank building in western Amsterdam. This particular gang had "borrowed" the site and were allegedly preparing the crop for export to Spain.

Some growers hint that the "real criminals" are spoiling their fun: "The police left us alone before these guys appeared and the press started to expose our plantations," one disgruntled grower remarked.

The number of soft-drug gangs is not really known. The authorities and those involved in the cannabis circuit aren't telling, while the police remain strategically silent. Individual growers, dealers and retailers are frightened of talking too much. But there is a definite feeling that serious criminal elements are moving in, and the fragile understanding between small-scale growers and police is being undermined.

Says NCIS spokesman Van Doorn: "We concentrate on imports and exports and

when we detect action by criminal organisations, that is where we hit. The so-called Dutch marijuana sector is small and unimportant in comparison — at least, at the moment. We may be relaxed on the internal marijuana market, but we are certainly efficient and effective in catching smugglers and fighting the organised gangs. Don't underestimate our success; Holland does not arrest as many individual cannabis consumers as, for example, Germany or France, but we are highly resourceful in the battle against the ongoing transit business."

Dutch customs and police confiscated 110,000kg of cannabis products in 1990 — considerably more than in any other European country, with drug imports taking priority for the police over the local drug scene. "Our guiding principle is the interest of the Dutch state," says Van Velsen. "Dutch grass has no appeal abroad. Marijuana as such is not very popular there. But the other [police forces] must realise our predicament. In Rotterdam Harbor, around 9000 containers are processed daily."

All the same, the tolerance that Holland adopts towards its cannabis users and producers has created a question mark over the matter of the EEC. It remains to be seen how the country's neighbors will react to the home-grown phenomenon.

"We will have to wait and see," says Van Doorn. "These things take time. I don't foresee any dramatic change in our internal policies, not for the first 20 or 30 years at least. New laws have to be made and implemented. And anyway, for the first couple of years, everything will remain as it is now." □

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Continued from page 83

a bar, a friend accused him of being a sipper. Fritter promptly ordered a jug, sculled it, vomited the contents back into the jug and then drank the vomit. As the whole bar looked on aghast, Fritter grabbed his mate by the collar and projectile-vomited all over the bloke's face and down his neck. That, as they say, is class.

Out on the wooden-plank patio, things are getting strange. While most of the Vulgarians sit around a table drinking and flirting, there's a group of about seven blokes on their own at the other end of the deck. They have most of the booze. One guy, Red, is drinking vast quantities of the cheap beer and then forcing himself to be sick all over the patio. Some of the girls offer encouragement: "Jesus, Red — you're a fucking beast."

Red is what some footy teams call "the enforcer" or the "ninety-nine man." In the Vulgarians, he is "the handy man" — a bloke who can deal out the head-butts in the mauls without the ref noticing and put in a quick bit of slipper in the rucks. He's a heavy-set redhead with a bony and indestructible-looking head — and he's starting to look dangerous.

He's joined by the rest of the inner circle in the vomiting act. I'm told by Abbo that this is done to purge the stomach of unwanted food — eating is cheating, and the dog gets an unscheduled feed.

Half an hour later, Abbo approaches again and tells me to prepare for something that no self-respecting journalist should ever have to witness. "Just don't come too close — they're cool about the photographs, but don't become a victim of convenience."

Then Red fills a jug and drops it down his gob so fast it looks like a trick. He works his stomach muscles in and out and points to Abbo. "Receiveth," he commands and the crowd at the table starts cheering, but keeps its distance. Abbo goes down on one knee and seems to be praying. He holds his hands together in front of his chest and tilts his head back, mouth open. Red is in a trance, his stomach heaving in and out at speed. Then he takes a step forward so that he's just over a metre from the praying Press Secretary and there's this awful noise like the toilets on the Achille Lauro, and this tawny stream of vomit flies from Red's mouth and gracefully arcs a few feet through the air and lands in his team-mate's mouth.

This is pelican drinking. And this is Saturday night, Kiwi-style.

The crowd at the table are baying for more. Abbo has taken the puke in his mouth and after thanking Red for the present, heads for another beer and looks

around for his own victim. Red's getting slaps on the back and the game has just begun.

Tim's pouring himself a big drink, but Red's got more to give and pukes all over the back of his host's head. Morris has been trying to get the gas fizzing in his gut but hasn't been able to make it happen. So Abbo orders him to "receiveth" and Morris goes on to one knee and the Press Secretary walks over to him but can't get it together. So Morris stands up and makes to walk away, but Red sees what's happening and yells: "Take it Morris, you fucking sipper — just take it."

So he goes down on one knee again, as the main table talks university gossip, and this time Abbo does The Business, but not in a graceful arc. He releases a broad spray of beer and carrot chunks that seems to go everywhere around the face except the mouth.

Red's fired up again, this time with two jugs force-fed into his gut, just swilling around waiting to come out at unnatural speeds. "Receiveth," he says and points at Tim, and the host goes on one knee and gets a fast gallon down the throat, but before he can recover, his brother Matty is lurching above him and adding to it. It careens past the receiver's ear and down his back. Matty gets "seconds" in the side of the face from Red, who seems to have done this before.

Morris has three jugs looking for a home and unloads into Red's mouth with wounded-animal noises. The girls at the table cheer because someone was stupid enough to give Red the pelican he deserved.

Abbo's got the gut working better and

gives Matty a few litres to think about, and Tim and Will are swinging warning punches at each other near the booze so Red staggers over and threatens to give 'em both a clip if they don't calm down. So Tim loads up and Matty tells Will to "receiveth" and the host lets fly with enough chunder to drown a cat, and Will takes it all.

Will is taking a pelican from Abbo and Matty gets one from his brother (the brothers are known as the Twisted Sisters). Morris stalks around waiting to puke into an open mouth when one becomes available, but can't wait and lets one go into Will's gob as Abbo's chunder stops. Red slips and slides through the sea of sick and says to me: "Shit, have some fun man — you want to give it a try?"

And so it goes on. After a couple of hours, the inner circle has exchanged beer vomit with one another at least five or six times — The Lads are getting tired and the beer has run low. The garden hose is running and the team take turns at hosing down themselves and the deck.

All that remains is some kind of explanation as to why. As Press Secretary, Abbo is used to the question, but makes no attempt to answer. "Reasons are for sippers," he tells us, as if the most foolish thing a journo could ask is a reason for vomiting into somebody's mouth.

"It's all about confusing the journey with the destination."

"So is this the journey or the destination?"

"This is the confusion," he says, "or couldn't you tell?" ☐

CLAUDIA'S



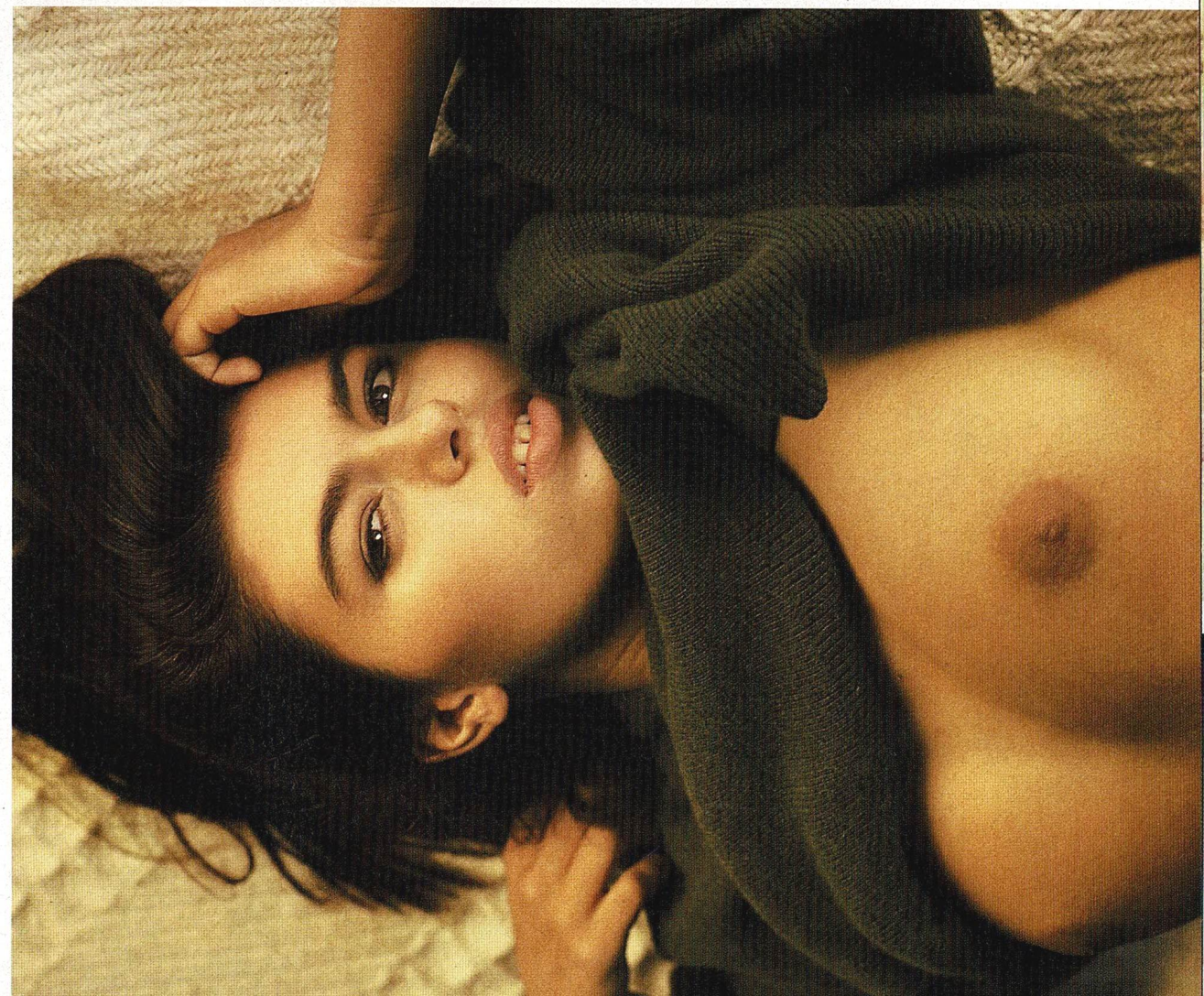
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It's not every high-school senior that can tell her friends she's graced the pages of *Penthouse* magazine. But lively 17-year-old Celia Marco is one of them. The dark-eyed beauty of Spanish ancestry says making the pages of a men's magazine has long been one of her dreams.



Early days

PHOTOGRAPHY BY MICHAEL MOORE







Celia, a Leo, wants to study commerce at university but has to consider the modelling offers that have been coming her way. But she's in no rush to make a decision, and may just pursue both careers. "Who knows," she says, "it's still early days."



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PIONEER
The Art of Entertainment

mean streets

Continued from page 39

the night. The spruikers outside the FurTITude Valley Follies rub their hands: "All girls totally nude!" Bouncers throw the customers in.

Paddy wagons circle like pilot fish around a dead whale. Hookers and transvestites swivel their hips. Street kids, drunk, wasted or simply hungry, creep out of their cardboard cartons and Lifeline bins to see what the night holds.

Down Brunswick Street a tide of human flotsam flows past the pinball parlor (where the games have names like "Street Fighter" and "Vendetta") to the Red Blue and Hot, where junkies hunker over cappuccinos, swapping tales of loss and catastrophe.

Brief congregations of the abandoned and the luckless, and momentary rapprochement between the vicious and their victims, punctuate a street full of losers heading into a night with no soft landing.

Drugs, prostitution, violence. This is Fortitude Valley. These things do not sit well with the Queensland myth of wholesome rectitude. Indeed, the State's penchant for turning a blind eye has, if anything, become more developed since the Fitzgerald Inquiry exorcised the demons of corruption.

Organised crime is once more tightening its grip. Gold Coast Liberal Ray Connor has listed in Hansard the names and phone numbers of 30 male and female brothels. The list is the tip of an

iceberg.

Tony Fitzgerald's tumbrels have rolled. Only, now that the tumult has subsided, it seems that little has changed. The Government baulks at legalising prostitution — yet the brothels remain open.

Drugs are similarly available to those with the cash to afford them. Winos sleep on the new park benches installed to brighten up the mall. The police let them sleep it off, or occasionally take them into custody for their own protection.

Bad dope, sold by the syringe at \$100 a hit, is another hazard. A young hooker recently came close to death — crumpling at the feet of a young constable whose inquiries she had been assisting.

Twice en route to hospital, the girl's heartbeat stopped. During a brief moment of consciousness, she asked ambulance men to locate her infant son.

"A lot of people are falling down," says a social worker from the Valley-based Brisbane Youth Service. "This stuff is bad. It's too strong. People are dying all over the place."

The prostitute's baby is a street kid in the making. Later, if the pattern continues, she will meet a man who does not want the responsibility of a child. Statistically, he will abuse the child and the child will run away. Semi-feral, with no education or hope for the future, the kid will, at best, grow up to become unemployable. More likely he will be a petty criminal brutalising others as he himself has been brutalised.

Outside the Stars and Stripes, street kids stare vacantly. "Biff" kicks at the pavement with near-new Nikes. They're a size too big, having recently been liberated from wealthier, fatter feet.

What do you say to a street kid? I ask him what he'd like most in the world. "A bullet," he says. "To put through the head of my old man."

Biff's father is an alcoholic and petty crim who has pushed his mother into prostitution. One of her tricks went psycho and stabbed her. Biff, then seven, saw it all through a chink in the curtain that screened his bed from the rest of the room.

A few years later, when Biff was arrested for stealing cars, his girlfriend went to stay with his father — who beat and raped her.

Biff turned 17 in February. He can't afford heroin. He sniffs petrol sometimes but mostly he gets bombed with pills and booze. It doesn't matter where you sleep when you're drunk, he says. So he scabs for loose change, buys beer and drinks till he drops. A bed can be the long grass in a vacant lot, abandoned buildings, culverts or Lifeline bins. There are crisis centres — six of them for an estimated 6,000 street kids. At least there you can take a bath.

To most people, Biff doesn't exist. For a while he hung out in the Queen Street Mall. A lot of kids did, then some guy

intervened in a stoush that was none of his business, and got himself done over. Since then the cops have been moving the kids on.

You won't find street kids in the Queen Street Mall any more — only coppers with walkie-talkies and paddy wagons. Lately Biff has been hopping a train to Caboolture where there's a big air-conditioned shopping centre and not so many cops. Sometimes, just for variety, he goes to the Hyperdome at Loganholme. Plenty of street kids there, too.

Tonight he's hanging around The Valley which, even to Biff, looks like open day at the zoo. Every kind of oddball is here. Tough guys in black singlets and shaved noodles; hippy witches, deathly pale and skeletal, wearing the mandatory ankle bracelet; and bevans with home-made tattoos across their foreheads.

Street kids speak of a code. A morality within amorality. While it may be acceptable to burgle a house or steal a car, only the most lost of souls would contemplate mugging innocent people for their wallets.

Desperate situations may require desperate measures, but most kids would stop short of pushing over old ladies and nicking their bags — cold consolation for the platoons of elderly homeless who share the streets with younger, meaner vagrants. On skid row, people have been bashed senseless over first claim to overnight in a toilet.

Brisbane is a tidy town. But like all tidy towns, it has a sick underbelly.

Take "vampire killer" Tracy Wigginton — a devout Roman-Catholic schoolgirl who convinced herself — and three others — that she was a lesbian goddess who fed on human blood. Wigginton and three others waylaid West-End council worker Edward Clyde at Kangaroo Point as he clung to a lamppost after a night's drinking at the nearby Caledonian Club.

They drove him to the river bank where he stripped, save for his socks, in anticipation of a promised "good time." Instead, Wigginton stabbed his neck so savagely that his head was almost severed. Then she drank the blood that streamed from his veins.

While researching this piece I sat with a coffee at the Cosmopolitan in the Valley Mall.

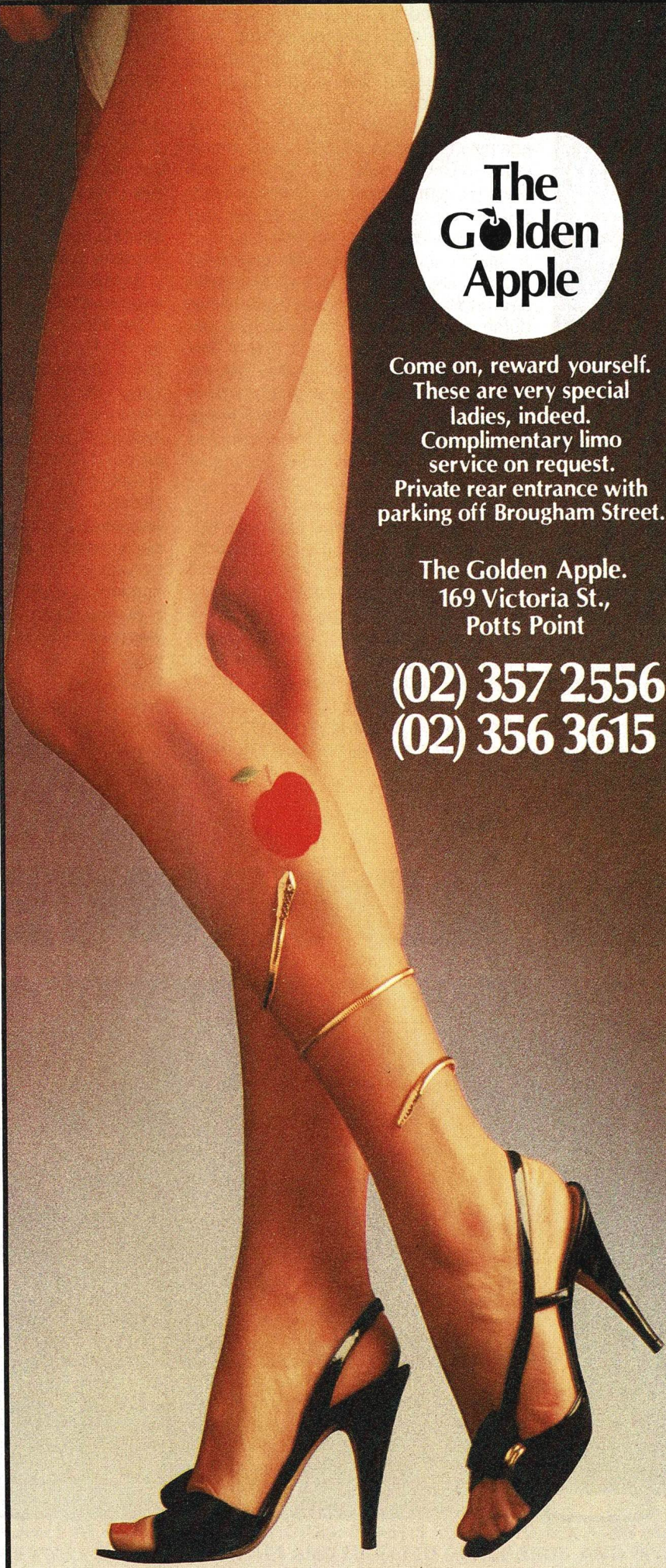
A well dressed and intoxicated Aboriginal man approached me. He said he was heartbroken. He wanted friendship. Wanted to punch my face. He grabbed my shoulder and sobbed.

"I can be tough," he said, stumbling off and hurling the coffee lounge's outdoor chairs as far as he could. "I can be tough."

That's what you get down the Valley — people strung out at the dying end of Brisbane in streets that once had ambition, but are now boarded up and given over to sleaze. 



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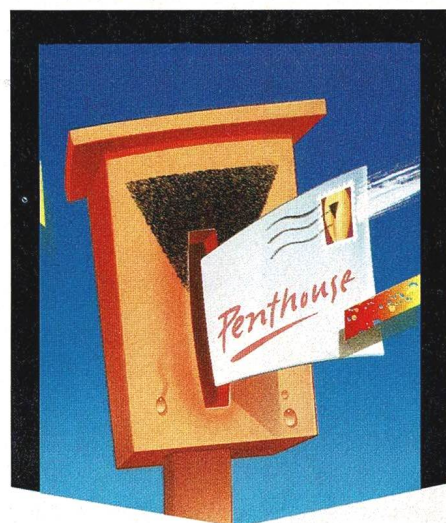


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forum

Continued from page 8

ears as I pushed into the very back of her. I pulled up her T-shirt to expose a perfect set of tanned breasts and pushed her legs back to get a superb view — my super-hard, moist cock between two beautiful brown legs, being engulfed by a tight pussy. It pushed me over the edge.

"I'm going to come," I said.

"Yes! Come inside me, do it to me," Chrissy urged. She needn't have, because as I spoke, a torrent of come blasted away inside her. Each following

contraction caused me to physically buck. As I filled her, she grabbed my hips, dragged my cock as deep into her as it would go and cried out with ecstasy. Finally my orgasm finished and I bathed in the afterglow.

With my cock still inside her, I leaned against the dashboard to recover. After a moment Chrissy said: "My old boyfriend wouldn't come inside me. I've wanted to feel that for some time." She sat up and pulled her jeans off completely.

I started the car, as we were on a main road and I could see headlights approaching. As she slowly rubbed her come-soaked pussy and stroked my stiffening cock, Chrissy told me a few more things she wanted to try. "My old boyfriend wouldn't come in my mouth either," she said. So I started down Route 66 and Chrissy started down on me. — *Name and address withheld*

On the bus

You get out of Taihape in the Central North Island, and head north for Waiouru and Turangi, and you're talking about one of the coldest parts of New Zealand. If you take this trip in the middle of winter, on a cloudless full-moon night, in an old dunga bus with no heating, you may as well be taking a midnight piss in a Gulag outhouse.

This was an observation my mate Phil wouldn't let me forget as the old Bedford

shit-heap groaned north towards Auckland at a snail's pace. Phil had wanted to take a plane, but I had insisted on the overnight bus for reasons of nostalgia.

There were probably eight people on the whole bus, and all of them had moved to the front of the mobile fridge to be near the only form of heat — the engine. Everybody was too cold to sleep and bitching at this poor bus driver who couldn't do anything about the broken heater and was wearing a ski jacket and a balaclava to beat the sub-zero temperatures.

By 1am we were passing the snow-covered Mount Ruapehu. I'd had enough of the nostalgia trip and took my sleeping bag to the back of the bus to try and get some kip. This enraged my freezing mate even more, as he didn't have a sleeping bag or a jacket.

I took my shoes off, unzipped the sleeping bag into a doona arrangement and wedged myself into the corner of the back seat and window to try and sleep. I had a small transistor radio that managed cracklingly to pick up a concert program.

So here I am. Trying to sleep and stay warm in this fucking groaning old ice-box while Placido sings something foreign through a crackling trannie, and with no warning this girl just kind of appears beside me on the back seat.

I can't remember her name, but it was

something like Diane. She was a chatty 18-year-old blonde on leave from the air force down south somewhere. I'd met her in Taihape when she'd sat down at our table in a restaurant with her boyfriend during the food stop.

She was a bit of a tomboy dressed in a sweat shirt and jeans. In the restaurant I had noticed an athletic body, nice arse, large-ish round tits and no make-up. I had also noticed the boyfriend — what we in New Zealand call a "big cunt." Apart from the size of the bloke, there was also the distinct lack of humor that indicates a tragic case of the Jealous Boyfriend Blues.

So Diane starts talking to me in the back seat about all the kinds of things strangers talk about when travelling. All the while she's hugging herself and making "brrr" noises while I'm looking down the bus where the big bastard has his big head against the window and is apparently asleep.

I'm starting to get a little edgy about the whole scene since I'm not exactly the brave type. Unfortunately, I am the horny type and after ten minutes of talking to this friendly and energetic hard-case girl, I suggest she slip under the covers for warmth. She doesn't flinch, and gets under the bag. So I'm leaning against the window with my knees against my chest and she's got her tits up against my shins and her left arm around my knees while

the big bastard sleeps and the passengers freeze.

It's all fairly innocent, but that doesn't stop the old fella doing his impersonation of a police torch in my straining Levis. Placido's rolled over for the 1812 Overture and while telling me how boring the boyfriend is, Diane is giving me this naughty look and her hand is slowly slipping down my thigh to my crutch. I look over the seats and my mate is looking back at me as if to say, "what the fuck are you doing, you mad cunt?", as Di tries to unzip me. We shift body positions slightly so my knees are still up, but she's now between them.

Now she's got better access and my aching cock is released into Diane's expert hands while she rambles on about air force life and a girl having to take what she can get. The London Philharmonic is doing its thing with the cannons and her hands have stroked me maddeningly to the stage where her well-practised fingertips have detected the ooze of pre-come on my knob. This gets her fairly excited and she puts her head under the sleeping bag. I have a fair idea what's coming, so I take one last look at the sleeping boyfriend, slip further down on to the back seat and stretch my legs out so she's kneeling between them somewhere under the red doona.

She doesn't piss about, this girl, and goes straight down on my cock as far as

she can take it into her mouth and starts pumping her head up and down in perfect rhythm. She's making little moaning sounds but I'm doing my best to shut up and enjoy this perfect blowjob. She gets faster and faster and is close to orgasm herself. I'm just about to blow into that gorgeous mouth, but she suddenly kneels up and pulls her sweat shirt off to reveal these beautiful Rachel Welch tits that swing free, and, panting madly, she leans these big jugs down on to my cock and balls, presses them around my cock and tit-fucks me till I can't hold on any longer and I come for what feels like an eternity all over her chest and neck and face.

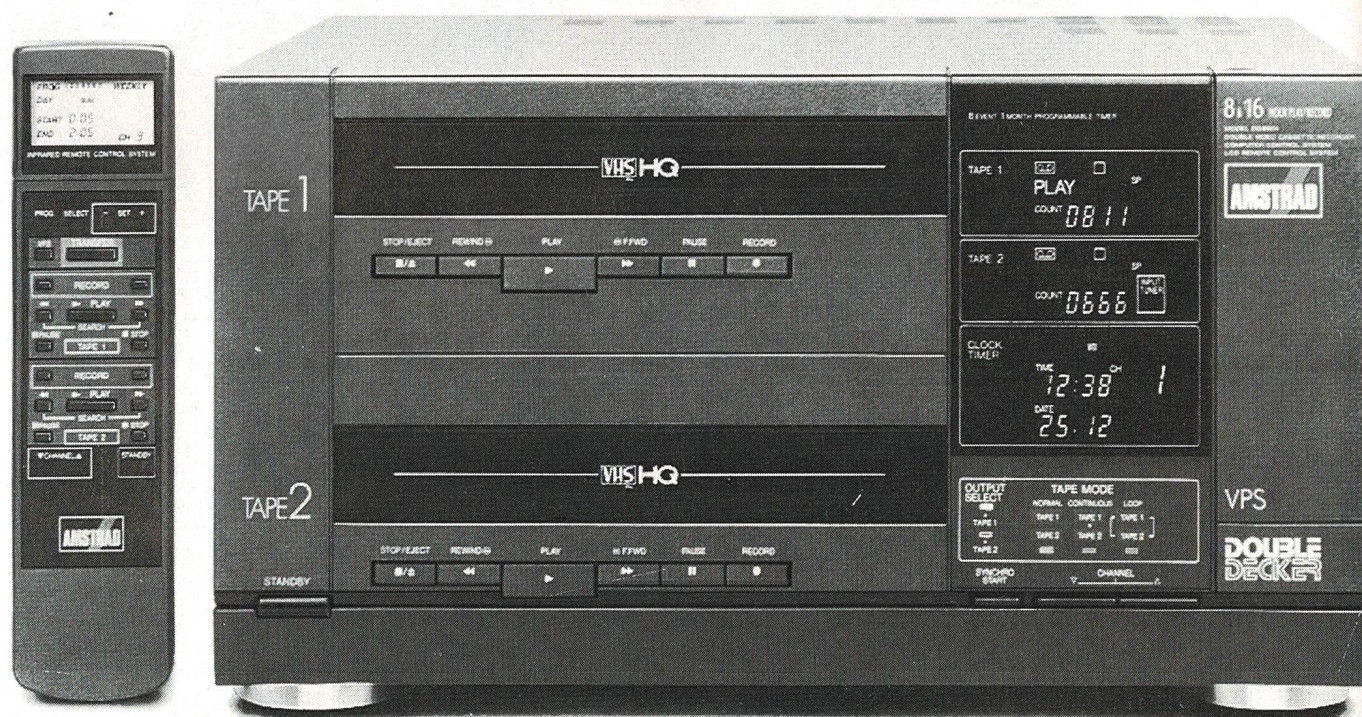
We sit up and get the sleeping bag around us, and I see the boyfriend's head move slightly down the front of the bus. Diane's dripping with come and instantly has her hand on my cock, keeping me hard. She's getting me interested again with a mixture of hot breath and tongue in my ear.

I put my hand on her pussy, which has made the denim of her crotch soaking wet, and she arches her back while demanding that I fuck her — right there on the back seat of the bus while her boyfriend sleeps down the front.

She sees my nervousness and tells me the guy was on the rum all day before getting on the bus, and that he'll sleep like a baby. So I shrug my agreement and this crazy woman kicks her shoes off, lifts her

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forum

arse out of the seat and peels her jeans off while I push my Levis down around my knees and wonder why the hell it's always me who has to get himself into these life-threatening situations with women who have no regard for my personal safety.

Her jeans are off in a split-second and she's lying down on the seat behind my back while I roll my eyes at my mate who has turned around again and seems quite scared by the whole deal. I turn on the seat and Di grabs my cock and sucks it for a few seconds then pushes it down towards her naked arse. I pull the doona over my shoulders and position myself while Di lies on her side and jack-knives her upside leg with her right arm so her knee is up near her chin and squashing those big tits. I get my raging hard-on into her sopping pussy and easily push all the way in, and Di is muttering horny obscenities at my face which is only inches from hers while Glenn Miller's orchestra gets schmaltzy.

She's one of these girls who comes quickly and very physically. So after a couple of minutes of me pumping deep and slow, she's shuddering away and moaning at me: "Don't come in me, don't come in me."

Which is easier said than done for an amateur, but I manage to hold out past her first orgasm and she puts her hand down to my cock, guides it out of her wet pussy, and puts it into her arse while the glory of Mt Ruapehu bathed in moonlight sails past through the window. I slip in with surprising ease and it's such an

incredible sensation that I think I'm going to come after only a few seconds. But she's still saying stuff like "don't come inside me", so my stomach muscles are going into contortions trying to hold off as I pump into this gorgeous tight arse. But I'm only human and after about 30 seconds I moan that I'm going to come, and she whips around on this back seat and deep throats me with her finger nails in my arse cheeks and I explode down her silk throat so hard that it feels like my whole innards have been force-fed through my dick. She holds me in that position while I try to hold back the animal yell I want to let out.

I'm totally spent, and this girl, after disengaging my cock, keeps up the same small talk she started with when she first sat down. She gets dressed and gives me a kiss on the cheek. I'm almost relieved when she walks back down the bus to her boyfriend who I'm sure is going to smell the sex on her.

When the bus got to Auckland, with the sun coming up, Diane didn't even look at me as the driver pulled the luggage out from under the hell bus. And maybe it's something I won't experience again, but for some reason I now always listen to the concert program when I travel on a bus. Who knows what crazy air force girl will hear the call. — *Name and address withheld*

The coach's wife

I'm an open side flanker for my university rugby team. In our first game of the year I scored the winning try after the opposing half-back I had hassled all day finally panicked in the dying seconds and

spilled the ball into my arms. My coach gave me the game ball, as well as a videotape of the game to watch in my spare time. He asked me to return the tape to his home the next day. So the next morning around ten I went to the coach's house to return the tape, knocked on the door, and waited.

His wife answered. I couldn't believe my eyes. All she was wearing was a baby-blue transparent wrap. She smiled at me as I glanced over her body. I barely heard her when she said: "My husband isn't home right now, but he told me you were going to stop by. How about joining me for some early lunch?"

I accepted and we went into the kitchen. She made some sandwiches and sat down across the table from me. She congratulated me on the game and I politely thanked her, but my eyes kept wandering to her chest. Noticing my glances, she asked: "Am I turning you on?"

"Ma'am, with all due respect, if a guy were not turned on by you, he should be shot."

"Thank you for your compliment. I think this might be your lucky day." She grinned, stood up and shrugged off the wrap.

Before I knew what was happening, she planted an intimate kiss on my lips. She pulled my clothes off and fell in front of me, stuffing my cock into her mouth. She nearly gagged on it — definitely one horny honey-pot.

I was worried that my coach would find us. When I mentioned this, she laughed and said: "Kevin and I have an open marriage. Hell, last night he fucked Kathy, the bimbo cheerleader captain. Now, quit calling me 'ma'am'. My name is Angela and I'm going to give you the best blowjob in the world."

She did not lie. A few minutes later, I exploded in her mouth. She swallowed and said: "That was great." We laughed and she rolled over into the doggie style, saying: "Fuck me good, I need to come!"

I followed instructions and pounded her glistening, swollen pink labia. Minutes later Angela gasped, exploded and collapsed, happily exhausted. The moment she did, we heard clapping. We looked up and saw the coach standing in the doorway, enjoying the show. "Well kid, looks like you scored again." — *Name and address withheld* ☐

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BLACK LABEL E D I T I O N forum

Looking good

I had never been given to voyeuristic tendencies until recently, when I was unexpectedly thrown into a very sexy situation.

I work in a large insurance office and share a room with several others. Tracy, a young brunette woman of about 21 with a trim figure, is the most attractive girl in the office. And Brad, who is a bit older, is the office stud. I knew that these two had the hots for each other. They were always flirting. But occasionally I would catch them passing a look which clearly carried more meaning.

One day when work was finished and the office had all but emptied of people, I had to stay behind to catch up on some work. Desiring a cup of coffee, I headed upstairs to where the lounge-cum-coffee-room was situated. The building was silent so I was a bit surprised by the sounds coming from the lounge. Walking softly, I carefully peeped around the corner of the entrance.

There they were: Tracy and Brad were together on the couch in a passionate embrace. Moans of pleasure came from their mouths as their tongues entwined and their lips mashed together. Tracy's skirt was up around her thighs and Brad was running his hand up and down her smooth skin. Tracy had unzipped Brad's trousers and her hand was buried in his crotch.

I suppose I should have turned away then and left them to it, but the devil in me made me stay. What's more, my cock was growing hard.

Things were getting serious now. They broke apart from each other just long enough for Brad to get his trousers and underpants down to his ankles, revealing a raging hard-on which would have made any man proud. It looked to be about eight or nine inches long and really thick, like a stubby beer bottle. Brad was sitting on the sofa with his monster dick standing vertically between his legs. I was so close that I could see the milky white pre-come oozing from the purple head.

Meanwhile, Tracy had dropped her skirt and panties, revealing a luxuriant growth of pubic hair which ran around to her arse.

She also removed her top and bra so that she was naked except for a suspender belt and tan stockings.

Tracy mounted Brad by kneeling on the sofa, her legs straddling his thighs and her back towards me. Brad did not immediately enter her, but instead played with her clit. I could see his fingers rubbing her cunt and the cheeks of her arse. At the same time he was sucking greedily on her breasts, which were not too big but had really hard, pointed nipples.

Holding his cock in one hand, Brad guided Tracy down on to its head. When it entered her she let out a loud gasp and threw her head back in ecstasy. Gradually, bit by bit, she sat down on his rigid length until all I could see were his big balls nestling beneath the cleft of her buttocks.

She started to fuck him. Slowly at first, she rose up until the head of his cock was almost out — I was able to see the thick, hairy lips of her cunt as they clung to his shiny shaft — then she'd sink down again until his full length was inside her again. Her pace sped up until she was bouncing on his lap and his cock was coated with her cunt juice.

Brad was moaning and his hands were gripping her buttocks tightly. She said something to him and he pushed a finger into her anus. He was supporting her on his hands as she rode his cock like a woman possessed. Tracy's body

stiffened and she cried out as an orgasm overtook her. Almost simultaneously, Brad roared and his hips jerked upwards. He thrust deeply into Tracy's cunt and climaxed.

Tracy moaned and draped herself over Brad's shoulders. She arched her back, which gave me an even better view of his cock buried to the hilt in her steaming pussy. His come was oozing out around his shaft and running down his balls. Both of them were breathing heavily. Gently, Tracy eased herself off his cock. It fell out with an audible plop and her cunt lips remained open and pouting. She knelt down on the floor between his legs and began the lick the juice off his now softening cock. With her back to me I could smell the sex and see his come dripping out of her cunt and running down her legs.

I never told either of them what I saw. But that night when I made love with my wife I came like an express train, so much so that she asked me what was wrong. I just laughed and poked my still-stiff cock back into her familiar, tight, wet pussy. Looking can be fun. — *Name and address withheld*

Married life

My wife Anne and I were away from each other for some time. When we were finally reunited, it was frustrating to have the house full of relatives, and therefore

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BLACK LABEL EDITION forum

little opportunity to indulge ourselves sexually.

In an effort to get away from all the people, we decided to go for a drive in the country. Anne was obviously feeling as horny as I was because she kept licking her lips and looking at me. And I was getting horny watching her thin dress ride up her firm thighs.

I nearly swerved off the road when I looked over and saw her dress hiked up with her fingers teasing her cunt — something she has never done before. She looked at me with those deep-blue eyes and said: "I want to make love to you, and I want to do it now."

Who was I to refuse her? It was not long before we reached a parking spot next to a river. Before I had turned off the ignition we had commenced some heavy kissing and Anne's hand had strayed to my fly.

Anne does not usually wear underwear and today was no exception. Her firm and full breasts jiggled lewdly under the soft fabric of her dress and I was soon undoing the buttons which held these magnificent tits captive. They fell out and showed nipples that were hard, rubbery and ripe for sucking, which is exactly what I did. She moaned and writhed as my lips encircled them and my tongue played with her peaks.

While doing this my right hand was caressing her smooth thighs and brushing past her cunt hair. My stroking drove her crazy and in no time I had two fingers inside her and my thumb was rubbing her clit. Anne began to rub my cock through my jeans.

"Stop it," she shrieked. "I want to fuck now!"

She disengaged herself from me and almost fell out of the car in her haste. We headed straight for a nearby picnic table. When we got there she turned round, kissed me deeply and undid my jeans. Pushing them down, she released my cock which sprang out, thankful to be free. She cooed as she lightly stroked its length and cupped my balls in her hands.

"Come on, let's do it," she demanded. She turned around, grabbed hold of the table and presented her rear to me. I lifted up her dress to her shoulders to expose her long shapely legs and firm buttocks.

"Put it in, for Christ's sake! I want it all in me. Shaft me," she groaned as my penis rested against her cunt. Then I slowly let my penis slide into her moist cunt. Anne

wriggled her backside and tried to push my cock in quicker. Holding on to the edge of the table she thrust back until her cunt had engulfed my cock. I could see her heavy breasts swaying as she moved.

Once my cock was buried in her I began to knead her arse and run a finger from my encircled shaft up to her anus, which was puckering as she entered the throes of her first orgasm. I could feel her pussy tightening around my cock as she came with a loud groan.

I now began fucking her in earnest, pulling my cock almost out of her and then thrusting it back in so hard that her arse cheeks quivered and shook. "Oh, please, please," she moaned. "Fuck me as hard as you can, I love it, I love your cock filling my cunt."

Come was running in soapy foam down the inside of her thighs. My cock was making loud gurgley wet noises as it plunged in and out of her willing body. I grasped her breasts and pinched the nipples. Anne reached between her legs and squeezed my balls gently, then held my shaft between two fingers. The feeling was exquisite. I moved my hands to her curvy, womanly hips and fucked her for dear life.

Here we were in a public park. If anyone had chanced by, they would have seen my hard cock plunging in and out of my half-naked wife.

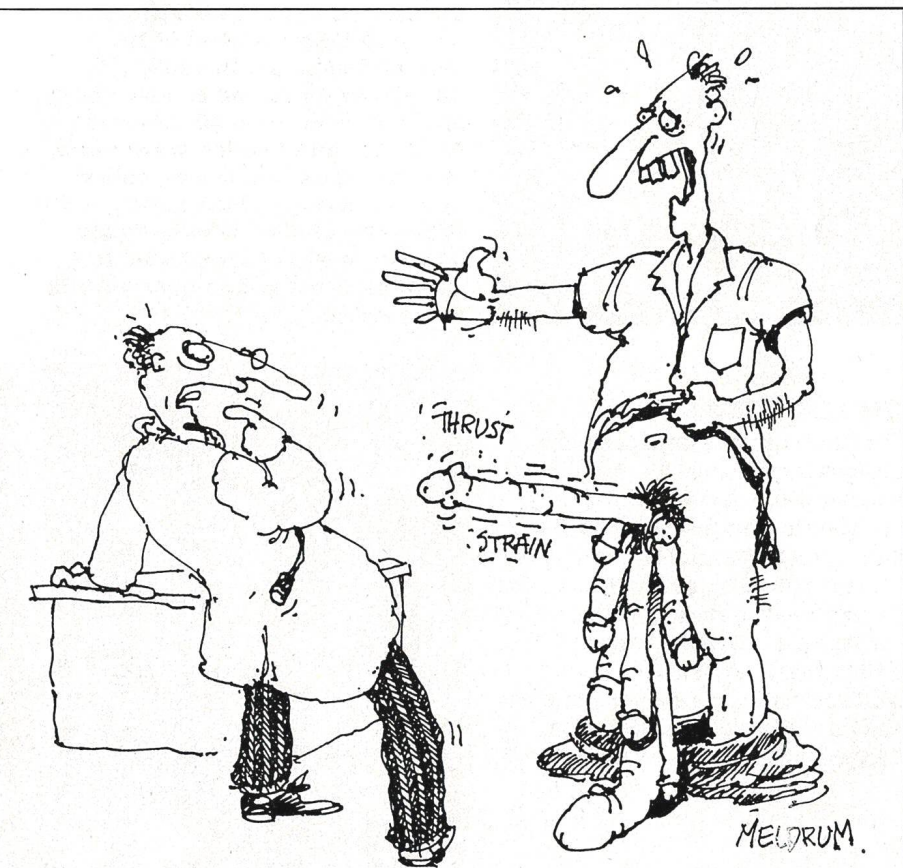
I felt my orgasm start in my toes. Anne

urged me on. "Come, please come inside me. I want it all. Fill me up." With a powerful thrust which almost lifted her off her feet, I shoved my full length into her. Her fingers, still around the base of my shaft squeezed tighter, but she could not stop the eruption of spunk into her twat. My cock seemed to be growing bigger as I hosed my sperm into Anne's lovely body. My shaft was deeper than it had ever felt before. I thought my balls were going to be sucked into Anne's moist cunt as well.

I bent over her back and played with her swinging breasts as we caught our breath. Gently, I withdrew my shaft from her. Sperm and juice gushed out and ran down her thighs. She stood up and turned to me, pulling her dress over her head. She looked incredible as she walked towards the river — her firm arse swaying and her tits rolling from side to side on her chest.

She walked into the water and bent over to rinse her face. When she did, her cunt lips gaped open and I could clearly see my thick come dribbling out. Her thighs were shiny and wet with our combined fluids.

She looked at me and cupped her breasts in both hands. Smiling she said: "I needed that. Now, how about I suck your cock? I want to wrap my other lips around you now." And some people think married life is boring. — Name and address withheld



"Damn it Doc . . . ya gotta help me . . . One of the bastards is always at it . . ."

loose ends



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UNDER TUNDRA

The Tundra jacket from Mountain Designs is made from the revolutionary Polartec 300, a strong, warm fibre designed to meet the demands of even the most extreme weather conditions. It'll keep you warm, even if it's wet. The Delon lining and the double-thickness collar provide excellent protection against the wind. Ideal for mountaineering, the snow or the street, Tundra is available from Mountain Design stores throughout Australia.



WIN WITH ADIDAS

As the official sportswear supplier to the Australian Olympic team, Adidas have a mind to quality. This month we have seven pairs of Adidas Torsion Response running shoes to be won by readers. Write the answer to the following question on the back of an envelope, along with your name, address, gender and shoe-size. 1. What company is the official supplier of sportswear to Australia's Olympic team for Barcelona? Send your entries to: Adidas Competition, Australian Penthouse, PO Box 42, Cammeray NSW 2062. Entries close on Friday July 31, 1992. Winners will be the first seven correct answers drawn.

PROBING THE TRACK

The Probe, an alloy wheel just released by Mullins Wheels, is suitable for Commodores, Falcons and some Japanese and European cars. Available in silver or white, the Probe reflects classic European styling. Available from all Bob Jane T-marts, Beaurepaire stores and leading tyre manufacturers.



AND THE WINNERS ARE...

The winner of the Philips Search Party competition which ran in the March '92 issue of *Australian Penthouse* was I. Bentall, Heathcote, NSW. The winners of the Jack Daniel's competition featured in the same issue were: First Prize, R. Phillips, Cowandilla, SA; Second Prize, G. Salter, Beaconsfield, Tas; Third Prize, P. Brown, Werrington, NSW.

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Continued from page 21

would account for half of the estimated 60,000-a-year European market for hybrid cars by the mid-Nineties.

The once-unfashionable Japanese marque, Subaru, has thrust itself into prominence with a succession of stunning design studies, a few of which have been earmarked for mass production. Two of its recent standouts are the Rioma, an elegantly-styled targa-topped 4WD sports car derived from the Liberty floorplan, and a wagon version of the SVX luxury sports coupe, called Amadeus.

The lightweight Rioma is powered by a quad-cam 16-valve turbocharged 2.0-litre FFE (flexible fuel engine), which can use either straight pump petrol, which conjures up 208KW, or else an ethanol fuel mix, which is good for a still very respectable 164KW.

A car of a different color is the Amadeus, which is an upmarket blend of a big sporting machine and the family wagon. The word from within Subaru is that it will become a reality either in its Tokyo Show form or else as a bigger four-door wagon targeting the Lexus and Infiniti in the US.

Europe and Japan don't hold all the exciting concept-car territory either. A prototype from Hyundai called the HCD-1, and first shown at the '92 Detroit Motor Show, reveals just how far the Korean car maker has come in a few short years. Designed by the Californian-based Hyundai Design Studios (no international car maker is truly serious about taking on the world unless it has a styling studio in the US), the swoopy HCD-1 is the first project developed specifically for the huge North American market. Muscular neoclassic styling dovetails splendidly with modern engineering to create state-of-the-art features in an eye-catching traditional two-seat sports car package. Retro hi-tech, maybe.

Offering anti-lock brakes, dual air bag, traction control and removable targa top with full-drop backlight glass, the HCD-1 is a far cry from Hyundai's stodgy styling and engineering of the recent past.

The front-drive roadster is powered by an all-new 16-valve with variable timing, twin-cam 2.0-litre Hyundai engine (until now Hyundai has relied on hand-me-down engine technology from Mitsubishi) putting out 111KW. It's clean and efficient. The HCD-1 is earmarked for production in 1993 as an affordable sports car going up against the Mazda MX-5. And it will make it to Australia.

So imaginations are still running free in the car business; it's just that they're being tramelled by a need to be a little more considerate of mother Earth. Which is as it should be. — Peter McKay



Pet Of The Month, Sally Worth

INSIDE AUGUST AUSTRALIAN PENTHOUSE

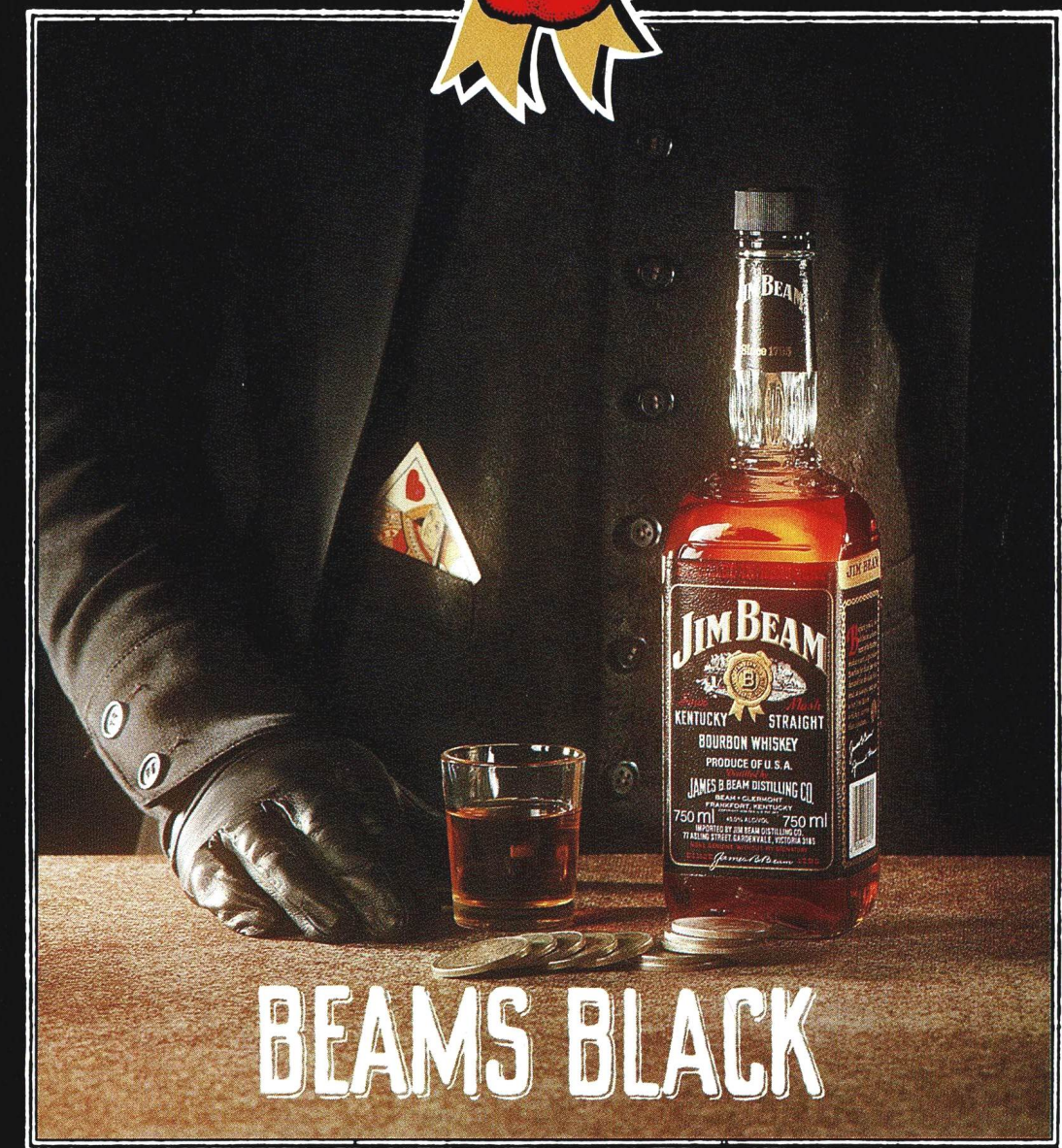
Campus Rape — Thousands of Australian teenagers are packed off to universities each year to further their educations and broaden their horizons. But behind their genteel facades, these huge learning institutions are proving to be ideal stalking grounds for rapists. Next month *Australian Penthouse* looks at why campuses are attracting sex attackers.

Final Exit — The right-to-die issue came to a head recently in the US when retired pathologist Jack Kevorkian used his "Suicide Machine" to help Janet Adkins end her life. August *Australian Penthouse* investigates the taboo issue of elective dying with Kevorkian, who asserts: "Death will always win."

Nightlife — Next month's instalment of our Nightlife series tails a group of recreational drug users around some of Sydney's off-beat nightspots. Drugs are an essential part of their night out, according to our clubbers. Their motto: "Too much is just enough." Follow their exploits in August *Australian Penthouse*.

Pet Of The Month — Sally Worth was once a child television star who featured in several commercials. She may have grown up, but she's never lost her taste for the limelight. Check out how Sally has blossomed in next month's *Australian Penthouse*.

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